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HISTORY

OF THE

WALLINGFORD DISASTER.

BY

JOHN B. KENDRICK.

HARTFORD, CONN.:

THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD CO., PRINTERS.

1878.

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PREFACE.

My thanks are due to all who have so kindly aided me in the preparation of this book—and their name is legion.

I am especially indebted to Samuel Simpson for his interest and assistance.

The daily papers have been freely used.

The use of Mr. and Esq. has been avoided.

The net proceeds will be devoted to charitable purposes.

Many men and women of our day think and act as if the days of chivalry were past. It is a great mistake. The world is daily growing wiser and better, and with all the sadness and pain of this disaster, there have been many, very many, grand and noble deeds of self-denial and mercy which assure one that this is not a very bad world after all.

J. B. K.

WALLINGFORD, September 18, 1878.

After a delay of several weeks the cuts are ready, but the quality of the work is such that we are compelled to reject them.

The price is reduced to correspond.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE CYCLONE, - - - 7

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAD AND DYING, - - - - - 16

CHAPTER III.

TIMELY AID, - - - - - 21

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESTRUCTION ON THE "PLAINS," - - - 25

CHAPTER V.

THE DESTRUCTION ON THE "HILL," - - - 30

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEAD-HOUSE, - - - - - 36

CHAPTER VII.

THE CEMETERY, - - - - - 40

CHAPTER VIII.

VISITORS, - - - - - 44

CONTENTS.

5

CHAPTER IX.

POLICE, LIQUOR, - - - - - 50

CHAPTER X.

COMMITTEES AND CONTRIBUTIONS, - - - - - 56

CHAPTER XI.

RELICS, INCIDENTS, - - - - - 65

CHAPTER XII.

DESCRIPTION AND THEORY OF THE STORM, - - - - - 70

HISTORY

OF THE

WALLINGFORD DISASTER.

CHAPTER I.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878—BEFORE THE CYCLONE—AFTER
THE CYCLONE—FIRST VIEWS AND FIRST THOUGHTS
—THE DEAD AND DYING—LIST OF THE DEAD.

HISTORY.

ON the afternoon of Friday, August 9, 1878, we were an active and a prosperous people.

Busy factories, thrifty farms, and happy homes were glad proofs and witnesses of the growth and blessing which were ours.

Surely any visitor on that bright day would in his heart have said, "Here is a place beautiful in its valleys and hills, and blessed in its contented and joyous families." No words could have been more true.

But Friday evening saw a far different sight, for we were soon to feel the breath of the Death Angel.

Toward the close of this beautiful day the wind began to rise rapidly, blowing chiefly from the west and southwest; frequent flashes of lightning were quickly succeeded by heavy thunder. About 6.15 P. M. the black clouds, hastening from the southwest and from the northwest, met above the Community lake, and poising themselves for a moment or more—as if gathering force and will for their death-work—swept eastward over us with desolating fury. The time from the formation of the cyclone until its destructive work in the

village was completed, did not exceed one and a half minutes; indeed, Samuel Hopson, living four miles east of the churches, thinks that the damage in his vicinity was done at about a quarter past six. From his testimony, and from the statements of others, it is clear that the velocity of the storm was very great.

The tornado was at once followed by torrents of water, which continued to fall for ten or twelve minutes. The water came down in sheets, rather than in drops, like an ordinary shower. When the fury of the rain had somewhat subsided, the ringing of the bell was heard, and the greater part of the village residents, who had no idea of what work the storm demon had wrought, thought only of fire; but as they hurriedly hastened northward, they were astonished witnesses of the scene.

J. H. Frost was going home from his work in the shop, and was just south of the residence of Samuel Simpson, when the cyclone formed and swept eastward; he saw the hideous storm darting forward directly toward himself, as if to sweep him to destruction. He moved now here, now there; now he rushed forward, and then fled back; now he moved in terror, then crouched in fear, raising his hands as if to avert the coming ruin.

Samuel Simpson, sitting by his window, saw these strange movements, and was astonished; and, not knowing their cause, was even amused. Some minutes afterward his family, frightened by a chimney crashing down through the house, rushed to him in terror; freeing himself from them, he looked northward from his window and saw some of the results of the cyclone, but could not believe that he saw correctly.

Many persons had sought refuge in stores, and some were thus saved who would probably have been killed had they been at home.

Wooster Ives was among the first in his section to discover that serious harm had been done. E. M. Judd, believing that injury had been done in the northern part of the village, was soon in his wagon; as he drove on he met Dr. B. F. Harrison, just going into his office, and, taking him in, hurried northward.

Fallen trees blocked the road in many places, and getting on as best they could, here and there using the sidewalk as a road, they drove first to the Hill and then to the Plains, for here was the greater need.

Our townspeople were soon hurrying northward. We saw only the lower half of our sightly brick school-house on the hill—the upper half was gone. A mass of ruins marked the site of the Catholic church. High street was a street of ruins; one house remained, but that was moved from its foundations and shattered.

In Wallace's row, eleven homes were utterly destroyed—one house remained to show where the street was. In Colony street only the cellars showed where the homes had been. In almost every instance the buildings had been swept from their foundations, and dashed into numberless fragments.

Such was the first meager glance—what would daylight reveal?

We soon knew that on upper Main street many fine residences had severely suffered, and that upper Elm street had keenly felt the tornado; but none knew, or conjectured even, how great was the loss of life, or damage to person and property, or how far eastward the storm had gone. Many felt strangely bewildered, and thought themselves dazed when, instead of homes, they saw utter destruction; and instead of dwellings, a plain sown with torn and twisted timber, and with débris of every kind.

Strong men wept.

Strewn here and there, in roads and gutters, and across the Plain, or wedged in among the débris of the wreck, were the lifeless and the maimed, helpless, and, in some cases, clothesless.

'Twas not a time for thoughts of property destroyed or houses ruined. We thought only of the dead, the dying, and the wounded. The sickening odor of burning flesh, and of slaughtered bodies dripping with blood and gore, spread like a cloud of vapor.

In the darkening gloom of approaching night, and in the

deeper gloom of disaster and death, words were unsaid, or fell meaningless and unheeded.

It was now a terrible moment.

The people who had been rendered homeless were either dead, wounded, or terror-stricken.

Many thought that nothing could be done until an inquest had been held.

E. M. Judd at once began the work of straightening the stiffening bodies which he found.

The neighbors of the dead were ready to bring bandages and cloths to tie the limbs together, but feared to directly assist him in his sickening task.

He found Mattie Mooney in the east gutter of Colony street. His head was nearly severed from the body, as if torn by some inhuman force forward from the back of the neck, toward the front. He was walking on the railroad track at the time, and hence must have been hurled this distance of four hundred and fifteen feet, as afterward measured.

E. M. Judd was soon preparing for removal the body of Frederic Littlewood. He lay in the west gutter of Colony street, a short distance south of the ruined Catholic church. He and his wife were returning home, and seeing that the storm would soon be upon them, he left his wife at Thomas Rynn's, while he hastened to his home for an umbrella.

He never reached his home, nor did Mrs. Littlewood know of the destructive work till word came to her that her husband was killed; then, with a mother's cry of agony, she rushed on to find her boy, whom she had left sleeping at home, now in the ruins, mangled and bleeding, and soon to die. Frederic Littlewood was probably struck by a flying timber. His head was crushed, and his jaw, besides being broken, protruded through the skin an inch or more.

In and near the road lay the five bodies of the Mooney family, not far from the site of their home; three of them were close together, while the two others were apart. These were all mangled and disfigured. The mother had, a little while before, finished a heavy washing, and was asleep when the blast struck her dwelling.

The three dead members of the Tracy family were readily found—father, mother, and infant son. The child was injured about the side and shoulders. The father and mother were somewhat similarly injured, both having had the skull broken in, besides several mutilations on other parts of the body. After the limbs had been straightened and tied, the bodies were covered with quilts or clothing of some kind, while attention was given to others of the dead.

The night was now rapidly closing in around this scene, but faithful men, with lanterns sending forth a sickly glare, were searching still amid the general ruin for other bodies.

In Wallace's row every home on the north side was desolated, not only by its own ruin, but by the violent death or fatal injuries of one or more of its inmates.

Let us trace this street eastward. From the first family, two sons are gone for ever. These two boys of Patrick O'Neil's are among the killed; another son and a daughter saved their lives by crouching close to the cellar wall.

The two O'Neil boys were carried to the town hall by direction of Selectman R. B. Wallace, but about 11 o'clock the same night were brought from there to the school-house.

In the next house were Mrs. Mary Downs and Mary Healy (a daughter by a former husband). Both mother and daughter suffered fatal injury by wounds in the head and by broken limbs. Mrs. Downs was killed in an instant, but Selectman R. B. Wallace found Mary Healy sitting up in a chair. He caused her to be placed in C. N. Jones's wagon, and the intention was to take her into the town hall, but George Hull, with kindness peculiar to him, insisted upon receiving her into his own home. When the team came to his residence, she attempted to get out without assistance, but she was not permitted so to do.

Mrs. Hull prepared for her a bed in the parlor, and the girl seemed to be eager to assist herself, and gave to Mr. Hull and his wife the impression that she was not seriously injured. After making her as comfortable as possible, Mrs. Hull stepped for a moment into an adjoining room, and upon returning saw at a glance the deathly appearance of her face.

and knew that life had left her. Besides a fracture of the skull, there were probably internal injuries.

Following up Wallace's row, we find the Matthew family, badly hurt from bruises and burns. One little boy of this family was scalded and terribly bruised, besides having both his legs broken; he died on Sunday, and was taken to New-York for burial. Robert Taylor is worthy of mention for his kindness to this family in their hour of distress.

In the next house lived John Payden. When found, he was alive, and was taken to his brother's house, but survived only an hour.

The Coughlin family suffered severe injuries; but in this family only one life was sacrificed to the storm demon. The violence of the tornado had hurled Katie Coughlin through a window of the upper story. Death was instantaneous. She was probably struck by a flying timber, for the upper and back portions of the head were entirely gone, and the brain was oozing out.

In the last house on the row lived the Lynch family. No one was at home except the mother and one child—a girl of nine years. From what the little girl can tell we glean the following: "Mother was sewing at the sewing-machine, and I was sitting near her, when all of a sudden we heard a great noise, and then mother and I were throwed right down just before the stove; and then, before we could even think, something, I don't know what it was, came and throwed us ever so far." Poor little girl! even as I write your words, I think your little life is ebbing fast away.

Mrs. Lynch was found at least one hundred feet from the house. She was taken into John Redmond's house, but there was no hope of recovery—she soon died!

Joseph Huldie's loss excites peculiar pity and heartfelt sympathy. He had not resided here many months, but it was soon felt that his was an interesting family. Two children were living of the four that had been given to him. Upon his somewhat early return from his work in the glass-shop, while holding in his arms his little baby, he heard the rushing of what seemed to him like a driving rain, and kissing his

children and leaving the infant in its mother's arms, he hastened upstairs to close a window. Those kisses were his last good-bye; before he could return to his family, they were in the arms of death! Mrs. Huldie, who is described as a woman of singular beauty, was instantly killed; but even in death clasped closely to her breast her dead infant.

At eventide, a pleasant home, a beautiful and loving family. Ere sunset, no house, no home, mother and children mangled and dead!

When the tornado had swept by, Thomas G. Daley's house on Christian street was seen to be utterly destroyed, and the uninjured neighbors believed that the entire family had perished. But the family had heard the strange, unearthly noise preceding the whirlwind, and in terror had rushed from the house. The infant sleeping in its cradle was found still there, having passed from the sleep of life to the sleep of death!

The house of Mrs. Michael Toohey was situated three hundred feet west of the railroad. It was blown to atoms, and, while her son, a boy of twelve, was blown into a tree and there caught in the branches, with bruises and a broken arm, the mother was hurled into Colony street, a distance of seven hundred and ten feet! It need scarcely be said that her body was horribly mutilated and mangled. The head was connected with the body only by the skin; the skull was a pulpy mass; the ankle-bones were broken; indeed, E. M. Judd says there did not seem to be an unbroken bone in her body; and others agree in this statement.

John Hayden and Thomas Cassen had gone after the cows, but they were not outside the range of the storm. Death was their fate. Thomas Cassen's death was due to internal injury, as there were no marks of violence. Mrs. Maria Boyle, mother of Thomas Cassen, must have been killed in an instant.

Johnnie Littlewood died on Monday. About half-past nine, Friday night, we found Mrs. Littlewood and her boy on a mattress in Michael Purcell's house. The boy was evidently in a dying condition; the back of his head was a mass of broken bone and flesh and brain; and the blood was

flowing from his ear ; doctors could give no aid. Mrs. Littlewood's grief was too deep and bitter even for tears, and I think that I never saw such agony upon the face of any mortal, as, in answer to my question, she said : " Fred [her husband] is killed, and Johnnie is dying. Oh, couldn't God spare me my boy, 'tis all I have ! " She never saw her dead husband, but, without tasting food, remained by her dying boy until he died. It is a wonder that he lived those three days, but 'twas a living death.

Mrs. John Lee was taken in a dying condition into Thomas Rynn's house. She lay moaning, while at her side her daughter was bitterly crying and looking with imploring eyes at Dr. Banks, while he was busy with other cases in the same room. This child's appeal, " Doctor, please won't you do something for mother ? " came from a heart which in that hour revered the goodness and implored the aid of the physician almost as if he were a god. But in vain. Mrs. Lee's injuries were internal, and she died at three o'clock Saturday morning.

Thomas Ginty lived a quarter of a mile north of the path of the cyclone. He had the consumption, and died of that disease on the night of the disaster. Some think that the terror and horror caused by the news of the destruction hastened his death ; but I do not count him among the victims. The baby child of John Mooney died in New Haven hospital on Thursday, the 29th of August. Its body was covered with bruises, but the immediate cause of death was cholera infantum. When its little body was laid to rest on the evening of the day of its death, six members of the Mooney family slept in this country graveyard !

Maggie Lynch lived on in pain until Saturday, August 31st. Her right ear was nearly severed from the head, and a deep gash had been cut in the right cheek, as though made by a flying shingle. Dr. Goodyear of North Haven, was the first to attend to her. Her right leg was broken in several places above the knee, while below the knee there was a severe burn, more than eight inches long, and correspondingly broad. The ligaments of the left knee were severely strained, and

the bottom of the left foot had two fearful and deep burns. She was injured internally also, and seemed to have been hurt in the back. Drs. Davis and Banks spent three or four hours each day in dressing her wounds. Dr. Jewett also gave attention to her. Is it any wonder that she died having such injuries? It rather seems incredible that life lingered so many days.

LIST OF THE DEAD.

Frederic Littlewood, about 45 years.	John Matthews, 6 years.
Johnnie Littlewood, 10 years.	John Payden, 45 years.
Matthew Mooney, 17 years.	Mrs. Ellen Lynch, 43 years.
Mrs. Margaret Mooney, 52 years.	Katie Coughlin, 14 years.
Nellie Mooney, 9 years.	Maggie Lynch, 9 years.
John Mooney, 25 years.	Mrs. Joseph Huldie, 35 years.
Mrs. John Mooney, 21 years.	Thomas Huldie's infant, 7 months.
Matthew Mooney, 5 months.	Nellie Huldie, 5 years.
Conrad Tracy, 60 years.	John Daley, 6 months.
Mrs. Conrad Tracy, 40 years.	Mrs. Michael Toohey, about 50 years.
Henry Tracy, 10 years.	Johnnie Hayden, 8 years.
Patrick O'Neil, 8 years.	Thomas Cassen, 17 years.
John O'Neil, 9 years.	Mrs. Maria Boyle, 44 years.
Mrs. Mary Downs, 50 years.	Mrs. John Lee, 55 years.
Mary Healy, 20 years.	

Making a total of twenty-nine deaths from the effects of the tornado!

CHAPTER II.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878—THE REMOVAL OF THE DEAD—THE INJURED BY STORM AND FIRE—PHYSICIANS—NOBLE WORK AND NOBLE WORKERS.

WHITHER shall the dead be taken? Their homes are crushed and scattered like chaff; the dwellings in the vicinity are now hospitals for the reception of the injured.

E. H. Pratt, after consultation with E. M. Judd, started to open the brick school-house on the Plains, but while on his way met Patrick Dignan, the principal of this school, who at once unlocked the building. This edifice was about sixty rods south of the sweep of the cyclone, and was a very suitable place for the removal of the dead. Into this building the killed were carried as rapidly as possible: wagons, drawn in some instances by hand, and containing sometimes two or three corpses, conveyed them to this house of the dead. None but the dead were admitted here.

Frederic Littlewood's body was the first one brought in; and at 10 o'clock thirteen bodies were in this morgue, and the work of bringing in continued during the night. These were placed, some on boards, others in rude boxes; and, being laid across the desks, were covered by blankets or cloths, only the face being left uncovered. As soon as ice could be obtained they were all ice-packed. It was a terrible sight, and brought tears to many eyes unused to such scenes. Men, who had spent years in the army, and seen death in many forms, and had felt his breath upon their own cheeks, say that they had never before witnessed so heart-rending a sight.

Men, almost fiercely, and women, frantically, asked where is he or she (naming a relative—perchance a father or mother); and many bitterly wept their dead. Words seem

perfectly without meaning when telling the fearful facts, and no one can ever recount the horrors of that night, nor can any one even imagine the utter woe and wretchedness of those bitter hours. Women and children had suffered most severely. The men were mostly at their work, or on their way home at the moment of the disaster; some, however, had hurried so as to be at home before the storm, and were among its victims. As the whirling storm had moved on in its eastward path, besides hurling the houses into broken fragments it had scattered hither and thither the hot stoves, and sent their burning contents in every direction. The wounded living were fortunate indeed if their flesh had not felt the awful agony of the red-tongued flame or of the hot iron as it clung to the quivering body or was pressed upon the flesh by broken timbers. The heavy rain, following the sweep of the cyclone, was a wondrous blessing, quenching the flames which had burst forth, and thus saving some from death by fire. As we looked upon the injured writhing in pain, with broken limbs and bleeding cuts and burns or scalds—here a piece of flesh torn out, and there a scalp ragged and hanging—we thought of the long years of orphanage for some of them; and said in our hearts, Truly these homeless, helpless ones, bereft of all that is dear on earth, are in far sadder plight than those dead ones yonder.

It is not fitting to give in detail the wounds of each injured person.

The list of wounded is as follows :

Richard Taylor, about 30 years, back broken; cannot survive.

John Condon, 50 years, back and head injured.

Patrick O'Neil, about 50 years, head and shoulder injured.

Mrs. Patrick O'Neil, about 47 years, badly bruised.

John Coughlin, 10 years, head badly bruised.

John Cline, about 30 years, wrist broken.

Mrs. John Cline, about 30 years, somewhat bruised.

Mrs. Patrick Coughlin, 50 years, bruises, and a deep posterior flesh wound.

Mrs. John Condon, 42 years, and her daughter, 11 years, the former bruises and cuts; the latter dangerously injured.

Mrs. Michael Caten, 33 years, injured internally.

Matthew Tracy, 9 years, scalp nearly torn off.

Conrad Tracy, 7 years, bruised.

Eloise Tracy, 14 years, bruised and cut in arm; serious injury.

Mary Tracy, 15 years, back hurt severely.

John Toohey, 12 years, arm broken.

Henry Saunders, 35 years, severely bruised; son, aged 2 years, badly bruised about the head; wife, badly bruised.

Patrick Cline, 33 years, badly cut about the head and body; wife, 30 years old, four bad cuts in head, a serious case.

John Cline's step-daughter, 6 years, shoulder out of joint.

Mary Ann O'Rourke, 15 years, badly bruised about head and feet.

Mary Matthews, 18 years, left arm crushed above the elbow.

Winnie Early, 12 years, probably injured internally.

Delia Cassidy and Barney Cassidy, husband and wife, severely bruised and cut, but will recover.

Mrs. Daily, bruised severely about the back and hips; baby killed on her arm.

Andrew Ennis, 6 years, skull laid bare; will recover.

Miss Sarah Fields, the invalid lady who was buried in John Munson's house; not materially worse from the shock.

George Joel, about 35 years, quite seriously bruised; arm broken.

Charles Parmelee, about 24 years, bruised about head and body.

Henry Jones, 33 years, bruised.

Charles Logan, 60 years, bruised.

Katie Mooney, 14 years, head hurt.

James Holl, a Frenchman, badly cut about shoulders, and two children bruised.

Some others were injured, but not so seriously as those mentioned. Besides the thirty-five above named, many were disfigured by cuts, burns, and scalds.

The physicians of the place—Drs. Banks, Harrison, Davis, McGaughey, and Atwater—spared themselves not in the least, but applied all their energy and skill for the relief and assistance of the sufferers.

Dr. S. D. Gilbert, from Fair Haven, was active in the work of relief.

Johnnie Hoey, a boy of 12 years, under orders from E. M. Judd, rode to Meriden for doctors; he rode on his horse and was back in less than an hour. This appeal brought to us many physicians from Meriden, some coming on the 8.37 P. M. express, which stopped, while others drove down.

Dr. Goodyear of North Haven, was soon on the ground, rendering needed service, and physicians from other localities were soon among us. The work of the physicians, thus early begun, continued and still continues. No words can tell how much we owe to the care and skill and tireless zeal of our resident doctors. Surgeons from New Haven came up to give the benefit of their advice and skill. Let us ask ourselves what we could have done without our physicians, and then only can we have some idea of our indebtedness to them.

Drs. P. A. Jewett, C. P. Lindsley, J. P. Henriques, and T. B. Jewett, rendered valuable service during the following week.

The homes in the vicinity were houses of refuge, for that night, at least.

"Troubles never come alone"—no, never; with them come sympathy and help. It is a glorious and loving work to record the names and services of those who, from the heart, seek to diminish the suffering, and to ease the pain of others, whether those pains be of mangled body or of bleeding heart. We can record but few of the many instances of self-sacrifice and assistance so nobly and freely rendered during those dark hours. I rejoice that they are so numerous, but not one is lost; they are all written in the hearts of those who received and those who gave, for

"Mercy is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;"

and they are all treasured up in the great heart of the living God.

E. M. Judd was one of the first upon the scene, and his

systematic and executive work, especially in caring for the dead, was simply invaluable.

I will mention some who were active and useful: George P. Tyler, George E. Bullock, J. W. Lane, Oscar Lane, Hiram Seeley, Edward Johnson, E. H. Pratt, B. T. Jones, George Hall, Edward Allen, Silas Stow, Seth Whitney, Hezekiah Hall, Edward Carroll; and so the list runs through a host of names. William Myers gave assistance with his team. B. D. Sutlief knew no rest for many days. I pass over many, very many names worthy of honor. John Redmond was among the foremost in the work of caring for the injured; into his house Mrs. Lynch was carried, and here she died. Here also was received Richard Taylor, so badly hurt in the back. Others also were brought in here.

What a scene was that in Thomas Rynn's house! Into his parlor the wounded had been brought; here, upon a mattress, lay the dying Mrs. Lee; here, Dr. Banks was putting the seventeen stitches into the scalp of Marcus Tracy, a little boy, who bravely endured the pain. Among the wounded here were Mrs. Catherine Kelly and Nellie O'Neil. Clothing and cloth for bandages were freely given by the family. Amid all the suffering and pain, it was a blessed thing for this family to give and to do whatever was in their power. Many souls forgot their own needs in supplying the needs of others. Though cheeks were pale and hands were nerveless, all this was forgotten or suppressed, in the effort to relieve and to assist.

The true spirit of Christ and of His loving teaching breathed forth in the acts of many who never were reckoned among the members of any church, and we all felt in those terrible hours that we were all of one great brotherhood.

"Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours,
Upward through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden flowers."

CHAPTER III.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878—THE COMMUNITY—THE CLERGY—
SAMUEL SIMPSON—RAILROAD TRAINS—HEZEKIAH HALL—
AN INCIDENT.

THE quiet and noble action of the Wallingford Community must not escape notice. The Community, seeing that a storm was coming, had sent home the girls employed by them in their spoon factory, in order that they might get home in time to avoid the rain and wind. They were sent home some few minutes before the regular time for stopping work, which was at six o'clock. This was kindly intended, of course, but no human wisdom could foresee, or in any way foreknow, the distress and death of the evening.

Just after the disaster, Mr. Kingsley drove rapidly to the ruins; naturally enough he sought first for the girls who, less than an hour before, had left their factory. He found Mary Ann O'Rourke covered as if dead. Assisted by others, he carried her into Mrs. Thomas Kennedy's house, and then hastened back for some of the ladies of the Community. His errand was soon accomplished, and Misses Nash, Hatch, and Worden were soon amid the scene of suffering. They brought clothing, bandages, cloth, etc., and at once gave attention to the wounds of Miss O'Rourke. Her injuries were chiefly about the head, and blood was flowing from her ear; besides this, the right limb was terribly lacerated. Dr. Newport of Meriden, dressed the wounds, but there were no signs of life; although every means of recalling lingering life were employed by the ladies, twelve long hours slowly passed before consciousness returned. A. A. Sperry, who was busy all night aiding and relieving, says that had she remained uncared for ten minutes after Mr. Kingsley first saw her, she would have never revived. Beyond all question she owes her life to these

devoted men and women. Rev. J. H. Beale says that he noticed Miss Nash sitting on the bed, holding in her lap Miss O'Rourke's bleeding head, and bathing it. George N. Miller was watching by her bedside on Saturday morning at two o'clock.

The Tracy children also were objects of their care. They took three of them to homes where they could pass the night, taking one of them home with themselves; and now, during these succeeding days, they assist in supplying their wants, and their pay in the shop is continued just the same as if they were at work.

On the morrow they employed men to search the ruins for any effects belonging to the Tracy family, which were not destroyed, and stored them in a safe place. Bedding, comfortables, and other needfuls, were carried over for the sufferers on that night, and on Saturday morning, by an ingenious method of Mr. Kingsley's, Miss O'Rourke was carried to her own home, and on Sunday she was considered comparatively out of danger. The ladies knew just what to do, and acted to the full extent of their knowledge.

Mr. Woolworth and Mr. Bristol spared no labor or pains to give relief and aid.

Other names and other deeds—some known, others not known, by the writer—are worthy of honor. With the true modesty and delicacy which accompany all self-sacrificing actions, they are reluctant to speak of their own exertions and generosity. The one hundred dollars which they gave to the relief fund is but a small fraction of the money they have spent, and are spending, for the homeless and suffering.

The deaths, with one exception, were confined to the Catholics. Rev. H. Mallon (Catholic) was not long in any one place; his presence was felt to be needed in every place, and in those hours of suffering and sorrow he was here and there, uttering words of hope and consolation. Worn and sad, he never faltered or hesitated in his work. The work of the ministry is sometimes a glad and sometimes a sorrowful one, but could any task be more sad and painful than this task of his, when his people seem rent in twain—

church wrecked, homes destroyed, many lives lost, and many persons injured? How must these things, before his eyes, press heavily upon his mind and heart!

Rev. J. H. Beale (Methodist) was busy, especially in removing the Tracy children; so busily engaged was he in assisting, now in this house, now in that lowly dwelling, that he did not think it worth while to learn the names of those whom he aided. Mr. Beale did a good work when, on the next day, Saturday, just before eleven o'clock in the morning, he mounted a little platform at the passenger dépôt, and, with outstretched hat, besought aid for the sufferers. He labored here almost continuously for the rest of that day, preaching as perhaps he never preached before. As visitors gathered at the dépôt ready to return to their homes, all classes—the rich and the poor, the refined and the rough—silently made their way toward the speaker, and, after dropping in the hat their contributions, went away happier for so doing. Just before the departure of the one o'clock train, N. D. Sperry, postmaster at New Haven, and Judge H. Lynde Harrison, in a few earnest words, commended the speaker and his divine object. Two hundred and two dollars and ninety-six cents were raised in this way.

Rev. J. E. Wildman (Episcopal) gave his presence, counsel, and aid during Friday evening; on Saturday and during many succeeding days his time and energy were spent freely and gladly in relieving the needs of the needy.

Rev. W. C. Richmond (Baptist) was not in town at the time of the cyclone. He arrived from New Haven on the evening train. During Friday evening, and all day Saturday, he sought in every way to relieve and to comfort. He offered to Rev. H. Mallon the use of the Baptist church for the funeral services, but it was thought best to have the funeral services in the churchyard.

Rev. H. M. Tenney (Congregational) was absent from town during the early days of our distress, but his people were not lacking in sympathy and in aid, and some of them were the heavy losers.

Samuel Simpson took John Munson and his homeless

family to his own home, and asked Constable R. S. Austin, in the absence of Selectmen, to empower several persons to guard the exposed property on Main street. Mr. Simpson said that he would be responsible for this assumption of authority. His noble gift of \$500 for the sufferers, although he himself lost \$5,000 worth of property, attests his deep sympathy.

Trains were running all night, and the 8.37 P. M. express from the North stopped to accommodate passengers. The duties of S. N. Edmonds, ticket agent, kept him at his post until 3.30 Saturday morning.

Families living many miles to the east of us were startled at seeing the air loaded with shingles and boards, furniture and clothing.

Hezekiah Hall, living three miles east of the village, saw the air filled with all kinds of fragments, and noticing a large black something, he watched it, and when it fell, it proved to be a door, blown from the Plains. "Some one is in distress," said he, and in his wagon he hastened toward town; the roads were blocked by fallen trees, and his road that night was through the fields. He assisted the Jones family in their distress, and then drove onward to be of service to others. His work thus begun lasted through many days.

All through the night, lights were burning and moving to and fro in many a home. Many, very many, never left their self-chosen work of mercy until morning brought others to their relief. Some slept with troubled dreams and frightful visions.

I give one incident which, like a divine message from the loving Christ, seems to shed peace and quiet over this unquiet and horrid spectacle. A gentle sparrow was caught and borne onward by the whirling gale, and when the tempest was over, the bird was found with its head thrust far into the grass and ground, and with its feathers torn and wet. As it lay fallen and dead, how blessed seemed the words of the Master: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. . . Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORNING AFTER THE DISASTER—WORK OF THE STORM ON THE "PLAINS"—INCIDENTS—WHAT THEY THOUGHT.

SATURDAY does not dawn with the accustomed brightness of these beautiful summer days; a dull mist obscures the sun, but the haze slowly passes away, and by 9 o'clock the fog has disappeared. Yet the day is far from being bright and pleasant, and the afternoon brings with it a dismal rain. Nature seems to regret her destructive work of the previous evening as she fills the sky with dull and somber clouds, and sheds them upon the earth in gentle tear-drops. No factory whistles call the workmen to their daily tasks. Five days must pass before the whirl of wheel and hum of machine shall tell of work resumed.

The 8.43 A. M. train brings, besides its crowded load of sight-seers, the New Haven and New York papers, containing quite full and accurate accounts of what their reporters saw and learned in our town last night.

From near and from far, by rail and by road, these crowds have come to us, and still are coming. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, how different they are! yet all are moved by a common sadness and a common sympathy.

Let us now trace carefully the work of destruction, beginning at the western limit of the storm.

The Community windmill, about twenty-five rods north of their dwelling, was the first object to suffer; then, moving on, the storm felled here and there a huge tree, crossed the lake, and entirely demolished a low brick factory owned by the Community, and occupied by George Grasser as a britannia shop. Sweeping down some trees which stood near the edge of the lake, it now came to the broad level of the Plains. The cyclone was now moving with fearful rapidity

and intense power close to the surface of the ground, and whatever lay in its broad path was swept away like a feather on the breeze.

On the west of the railroad track, only two houses were so situated as to feel the full effects of the storm, namely, one house owned and occupied by James Holl, the other owned by Mrs. Catherine Hurley, and occupied by Michael Toohey and family; these two dwellings were hurled from their foundations and torn into thousands of pieces. Several persons were in James Holl's house, but no one was even seriously injured. How any inmate could have escaped death, or at the least fatal injury, I know not. When I asked how they escaped, the reply came, "Nothing but God saved them." The house occupied by Michael Toohey was so utterly demolished that only here and there could a plank or board be found. A house some distance south of this just felt the whirl of the storm; it was moved from its foundations, but was not injured beyond repair. Here lived John Lewis. Some few rods west of this house were the barn and sheds belonging to Patrick Cassin's daughters. These buildings were entirely demolished.

Let us cross now the railroad track.

The "Plains" here look like some broad meadow where a mighty river has left the *débris* from some great freshet; or like some barren coast after a disastrous storm, where broken ships with their vast and varied cargoes lie destroyed, their crews and officers dead on the beach or already the prey of hungry fishes. This churchyard never looked so desolate as it does to-day. The monuments and headstones lie upon the ground, some broken and others shivered. One headstone was noticed still standing, but with its upper half broken off, while its sides were torn and shattered. The force of the storm on this stone was not forward; the direction of the force was not in a straight line; if so, the stone must have been thrown down. The peculiar way in which the pieces were torn out of its side showed that the force of the storm had acted in a curve. A little way yonder lie the ruins of the Catholic church. Just south of the church is

Thomas Rynn's house, occupied by William Murry; this building was only partially destroyed, and Mr. Murry escaped with only a few bruises; he was found buried up to his neck in the sand. North of the Catholic church were six houses, occupied by (1) Mr. and Mrs. John Boyle and her son; (2) Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Littlewood and son; (3) Mrs. John Lee and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Pat. McGrath; (4) Mrs. Mooney and children; (5) Mr. and Mrs. John Mooney and children; (6) Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Tracy and children.

Here the destruction was almost beyond belief; out of these families, fifteen persons were either instantly killed or received fatal injuries. Scarcely a remnant of some of these dwellings could be found. James Lee says that he owned three of them, and that all the remains he could find of one of them was a small piece of a door, and that was many rods from the site of the house.

North of these houses was the large dwelling owned by Mrs. Ellen Coffee and Michael Hayden; its roof was almost entirely destroyed, and it suffered other injuries. This house is very old; it was built perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago. It is a mistake to suppose that its heavy and tough oaken timbers withstood the shock. The reason why it escaped total destruction was because the cyclone, as it neared the house, raised itself from the ground and swept off chiefly the upper part of the dwelling. Then, too, this building was outside of the main current of the storm.

Somewhat south of the southern line of the storm, we find the Parker place. This had stood the storms of a hundred years, and is said to have welcomed Washington within its walls. It was well shaken up, but perhaps its patriotic history kept it on its foundations; in front of it a huge elm, perhaps seventy years old, lay across the road.

All the barns in this section were torn to pieces, and no one can find out where the wind put the pieces. One man went eastward to find his cow, and met her coming back uninjured. He does not know which left his premises first, his cow or his barn.

There were several cases in which all, or nearly all, the clothing was torn from the person. One man when found had nothing on except his shoes and a collar. Facts like these prove the rotary motion of the storm. One gentleman found several vases not injured in the least, while bedsteads, tables, chairs, and stoves were completely destroyed with the houses.

In the house occupied by Michael Caten and Patrick Lenahan and their families, there were nine persons at the moment of the cyclone, and though the house was utterly demolished, no one was seriously hurt except Mrs. Caten. Mrs. Lenahan was thrown or blown a distance of six hundred or seven hundred feet, and yet was not fatally injured.

Pat. Cline found himself rushing through the air and lodging in a tree; he looked back in no little wonder and terror, and saw flying toward him in the air a cow. She appeared to him, doubtless, like a dragon from the pit, but while he looked, she suddenly disappeared into a cellar, where she was found with broken horns; she was the property of James Ryan, and was probably carried through the air a distance of several hundred feet.

Mrs. Patrick O'Neil was thrown several hundred feet, and though badly bruised and sadly bereaved of two young and promising sons, has kept up wonderful heart and courage.

Mrs. Caten had a wonderful escape. She was thrown some distance, and covered with the ruins of a house; only her feet could be seen, and it took the united strength of perhaps thirty men to raise the timbers enough to release her. She was severely but not fatally injured.

Daniel O'Reilly had a narrow escape. He was on the lake in a boat, and seeing trouble brewing in the black clouds, made with all speed for the eastern shore. He had nearly reached the shore when he plunged forward into the water and was thrown on shore. He clung fast to the earth and then tried to rise, but no human being could stand before the gale. The water drenched him, and the sand and pebbles beat upon him and through the clothing left deep impressions in his body. His boat with others was cast upon the shore many feet beyond its edge.

One man had gone into the upper story to close a window just as the storm struck his home; the house was turned on its side, and as he looked up, he saw the roof go up into the sky, and looking again, saw all the furniture moving out of the open top of the house and his boy going with it. In less time than it takes to tell it, he found himself, with bruises and broken ribs, lying in a heap of rubbish, and looking up into a tree, saw his boy among the branches, when the following dialogue is said to have occurred:

"Henry, are you hurt?"

"No, father. What's the matter?"

"Och, thin, I'm badly hurt."

"Ah, father, if you'd only come with me, you'd been safe enough!"

One of the wounded women, upon being asked how it seemed, replied: "I did not know whether to laugh or to cry; the pigs were whirling round in the air, cows were flying as if they had wings, and doors and furniture went by us and over us like lightning!"

It certainly must have been a unique sight, but in such terrible moments all thoughts were terribly serious.

"What did you think it was?" said I. "What could we think, but the end of the world!" said one woman; while another answered, "We thought it was the day of judgment." These two answers exactly express what was thought.

This destruction, so sudden, so complete, so fearful in every respect, coming truly like a "thief in the night," seemed to them as it would have seemed to us—the agony and passion of earth's last hour.

CHAPTER V.

THE CYCLONE'S WORK ON THE HILL AND TOWARDS THE EAST.—DESCRIPTIONS.

LET us pass now from the Plains to the hill. Here also we find large and interested throngs; here, too, are special police patrolling, and ready for any trouble which may occur. On the hill, the ruin is not so complete as on the level land. The cyclone was not lacking in force, for it prostrated strong and deep-rooted elms, but it lifted itself from the surface as it ascended the higher ground, and took, in most instances, the upper portions of the buildings. Since early dawn, sturdy farmers with stout cattle have been busy removing from the roads the fallen trees which blocked the ways. Some of these lusty limbs and giant trunks have required all the power of many pairs of cattle to drag them from the road into the road-side. In some places it was absolutely necessary to make a passage through the fields, so completely were the roads blockaded. The meadows and orchards southwest of J. R. Campbell's house became of necessity a public highway for several days.

Upper Main street is the pleasantest street in town, graced on either side by branching elms and peaceful homes. Many of the residences here are expensive and finely furnished; here also is our Beach school-house. This stately brick building seems to be a heap of ruins; both upper stories are gone, and a part of the second story is torn away. This was a beautiful structure, and far the most prominent building in town. It was built in 1870, and cost about \$35,000.

It may seem strange that a westerly storm destroyed more of the eastern portion of the building than of the western. People living in this vicinity did not hear the falling of the building, and knew nothing of its wreck until, looking out, they saw the result. Portions of its heavy roof were thrown

against Elijah Williams's house, across the road, doing serious damage. Some of the heavy iron grailin was picked up many rods east of the building, and having been broken up, the pieces were sold as relics, and the money, \$13.75, was given for the relief of Maggie Lynch, who survived till the 31st of August.

Let us trace the condition of the residences, going up Main street. North of the school-building is the new dwelling of Mrs. Fanny Ives. The entire top is gone, and the building is moved from its foundation. The next injured house belonged to William M. Hall. The top was gone and the inside seriously injured. His attic was stripped of some fine old furniture, and a number of trunks, filled with clothing and other valuables, had gone literally "to the winds"—at least they could not be found. When the tornado occurred Mr. Hall was returning from his barn; in a moment he found himself in the street, but how he came there he does not know. Mr. Hall's barn was blown to pieces, but his horse, being in a kind of basement, was saved.

John Munson lived in the next house; he was looking out of his west window: he saw the air thick with sand and flying fragments and turning, grasped the door-casing. The next moment he was in the cellar, while the house was hurled forward into the street; the upper story was gone, and what remained was a complete ruin. Mrs. Munson, Mrs. Isadore Munson, Miss Sarah Fields, and the hired girl, were confined under the timbers; by cutting and prying they were removed and found to be uninjured, save by bruises. Their escape from death seems wonderful.

Hermann Vasseur's house was shattered and taken from its foundation. A part of the roof was removed, and the inside suffered severe damage. Mr. Vasseur's horse escaped permanent injury although the barn was destroyed.

Samuel Peck's loss was not serious.

On the east side is the unique residence of Elijah Williams. It is now shattered and disfigured. We notice in its side a great breach where some timber must have come crashing in.

Chauncey Hough's house comes next. This stately man-

sion looks sadly enough roofless and torn, surrounded by prostrate trees, and in its rear the ruins of a large barn. Mr. Hough, though an old man, takes his loss like a philosopher, and feels thankful for life spared to himself and his family. In the attic were some rare and valuable paintings belonging to William Yale Beach; they are, of course, ruined. Some furniture of Mr. Beach's suffered a similar fate. Charley Munson, Mr. Hough's grandson, was soon at the barn, and freed the horse from the ruins.

Mrs. Friend Miller's house suffered the loss of its roof, and was somewhat injured in other respects. An oaken chair in her sitting-room was literally torn to pieces, while nothing else in the room was injured. All through this region, on both the eastern and western slopes of the hill, trees of all kinds, both shade and fruit, were torn up by the roots or had their trunks twisted and broken, as if they had been straws.

Samuel Parmelee's fine property suffered severely; his loss is the heaviest of any individual's. His house and barns on Main street were unroofed and greatly marred. Of his three tenement-houses on Elm street, in the rear of his home, two are totally demolished, while the third will need some extensive repairs. Mr. Parmelee was absent in Toronto, Canada, and his son, Charles J., who has charge of the farm, was in the barn when it fell; he escaped, and running to the house, tried hard to hold on to a door-knob, but his efforts were useless, and he was hurled by the storm many feet; he was picked up severely bruised and injured in his leg, shoulder, and back. Let us pass now to Elm st.

Elm street was very properly so named. Many of its giant trees were set out years ago by Capt John Atwater; some were set out later by other hands. Caleb Atwater says that those set out by his grandfather are about one hundred years old; one of these elms, fourteen feet in circumference, and rather small in comparison with some others, was over seventy years. This was determined by counting the rings of growth, as it lay broken across the road. The cyclone, as it swept onward, grasped many of these grand old trees which had stood unmoved the blasts of scores of years.

They were snapped near their bases as if they had been pipe-stems, or else lay full length prostrate on the earth, tearing up with their roots a great round mass of clay and stones. These giants of the earth, laid in a moment helpless upon the ground, impress us with the fearful power of the cyclone. We stand in their presence with feelings of awe, and astonishment.

The beautiful residence and grounds of the late Roderick Curtis show some results of the storm; in front are some of the prostrate elms, while inside the yard, trees of all kinds are twisted and torn and broken. The house escaped injury.

West of this lot, the orchard of Elijah Beaumont suffered the loss and injury of many trees.

Mrs. Geo. P. Munson loses the top of her house; her barn is entirely destroyed.

Just south of this house is one of these great elms broken off near its roots; this tree was twenty feet ten inches in circumference at its base.

In front of John Ives's house is another immense elm torn up by the roots. The north end and roof of his house are somewhat broken.

George H. Joel was returning home, and seeing the air filled with limbs and shingles, tried to avoid them, but was struck by a limb and dashed up against Mrs. George P. Munson's fence, having been thrown a distance of forty feet or more. His left arm was broken, and his right leg fearfully bruised. His son George had a very narrow escape. The house in which this family lived was peculiarly injured. The eastern roof is gone, while the western remains uninjured; portions of the eastern and northern sides were taken out, while the other sides seem untouched. Mrs. Joel, with her daughters, was in the house at the time, and she relates a peculiar experience. It seemed to them like an earthquake as well as a hurricane.

What is quite peculiar is that many of the trees in this vicinity fell in a northerly direction, and some even in a westerly, though the most of them fell toward the east.

John Atwater's barn on its western side is unharmed, while

its eastern roof is gone. Mr. Atwater and John Hall lose many apple-trees.

Going eastward, we find Parmelee's woods prostrate.

Henry Jones loses a large part of his orchard, and also many other large trees. His house was unroofed. He was in the barn when the tornado came. Feeling the building swaying, he rushed to the door, which stuck, and down came the barn upon him. A large timber, or a mass of timbers, in falling, pressed down upon him until he thought his back would give way, when the pressure came to a stop. For a moment he thought his chances were very slim. Emerging from the ruins, when he began to think, he was surprised enough to behold his horse, which was in the barn when it went down, walking out of the ruins, unharmed, to meet him. He felt disposed to shake hands with the animal if it were possible.

J. R. Campbell suffered the loss of many fine apple-trees. His dwelling-house was considerably injured, and his barn ruined.

Hall Brothers, butchers, lose a barn.

Charles L. Paddock's barn was a total wreck, and he lost many fine fruit-trees.

Injury was done to trees belonging to John Kennedy, Hezekiah Hall, Benjamin Hall, William E. Hall, and others.

In William E. Hall's woods, fine large beech, white-oak, and chestnut-trees, lie upon the earth broken and shivered; one can plainly see the manner in which the wind twisted them from their stumps. They lie here in every direction but the northwest. In one place, the trees lie across one another, pointing northeast and south. The storm here was too high to do much injury to small timber, but these six acres of heavy timber suffered injury to the amount of about one thousand dollars. The tornado then moved eastward, destroying forty trees in a fine orchard of Samuel Hopson, and then left us, we hope never to return.

There are many injuries to property which we have purposely omitted to mention. We have not thought it worth while to chronicle the loss of chimneys and of old and worth-

less sheds ; what would to their losers seem a great loss, when viewed by others might seem quite trivial. The loss of property east of the Plains was great, but the cyclone's work of death was confined to the Plains. It is quite remarkable that no cows or horses were killed.

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CHAPTER VI.

SCENES IN AND AT THE DEAD-HOUSE.

PICTURE to yourself a plain brick building, meanly built and poorly furnished, two and one-half stories high, fifty and one-half feet long, and thirty-eight and one-half feet wide; then imagine this building without ornament or beauty of any kind, placed near the middle of a large and barren lot, and facing on the east a sandy road, and you have a correct idea of our school-house on the Plains. I sometimes wonder how we can expect or hope that boys and girls will be likely to grow up into healthful and earnest and pure men and women, when so many of their days of growth and development are doomed to be passed in places entirely destitute of both natural and artificial grace and beauty. Well, there are no joyous, happy faces here, no earnest teachers; this is now the house of death, and yet never have so many living beings crowded in this yard, and passed into this dull building. All day Saturday this strange mass of visitors surged about this morgue, and hither and thither, and to and fro, came and went, seeing strange and hideous sights, and thinking such thoughts as never before bewildered their minds. This building, in which lay so many dead bodies, was the center of attraction for the great number that came to look upon our desolation. Gray-headed men and women, young men and girls, and mothers with infants in their arms, pressed forward, eager to see the sickening, horrible sight. The sight of death even in its most hideous forms has a strange fascination.

At 5 P. M., on Saturday, Pat McKenna directed the building to be closed against the public. At sunrise on Sunday morning many had come to see and to hear, and they were permitted to look upon the ghastly sight of the dead. At 7.30 A. M., on Sunday, the rooms were again closed, and then began the work of preparing the dead for burial.

At the request of B. D. Sutlief, R. H. Atkinson, Edward Allen, Amos Dickenson, and J. H. Dickerman met in the building for this necessary but repulsive work. Mrs. William Fitzgerald, Mrs. Edward Callahan, Mrs. Edward Cahill, Mrs. Timothy Callahan, and Mrs. Andrew Hoban spent their time and strength too in the same way on this bright sabbath—bright in truth elsewhere throughout our land, but here death; without, ruin, and in many houses here and there, the homeless, hopeless, and dying.

B. D. Sutlief says that he never saw such a scene.

We might go through the long list, telling the fatal wounds and particular injuries of each doomed one, but my heart forbids the recital of such a tale—so needless. Any weak words of mine wholly fail to tell what only those know who have seen. This does not seem the work of death. Ah! no; some demon from the under-world has here been doing his own fiendish will!

Twenty-four bodies were in the north room. Broken limbs and disfigured faces were too common to require special mention. In a majority of cases the skull was broken, usually at the back or side; often there were horrid burns and fearful gashes. Here the brain was oozing out and there the vitals partly gone. Mr. Sutlief was unable in any way to arrange one body, that of Mrs. Michael Toohey, so completely was it broken and mangled; it was a complete mass of destruction, so he simply wrapped it in cloth. Her head just hung by the skin. It is believed that she struck the telegraph wires as she was hurled across the railroad track. This seems true, not only from the fearful and peculiar cuts and breaks in the body and limbs, but from the fact that telegraph wire was found near where her body was discovered. As soon as the bodies were prepared, they were placed in coffins and carried into the south room; there the coffins were placed in boxes. Let us turn now from this spectacle and breathe once more the outer air; this building, these rooms, with their heavy air, and stifling, sickening odors, bid us linger here no longer.

We find in front of the building Very Rev. Fra Leo, presi-

dent of Alleghany College. At 11 o'clock he officiated at the celebration of Low Mass, being in reality a requiem for the dead ; after this he preached to the people. The attendance here was not large, perhaps not more than six hundred persons. The vast crowds were at the ruined district, or driving in line from one desolated part of the village to another, while some few were at the services in the Protestant churches.

Not many minutes after one, the work of preparing the dead was finished. The funeral services had been appointed at 3 o'clock, but it was about 4 o'clock when the work of removing the corpses began. The special police permitted none to enter the school-yard except the relatives of the dead and those whose duty called them thither.

E. M. Judd made the arrangement for the burial. Each box had been numbered, and the name of the dead person written upon it. In the cemetery the same thing was written upon paper, and was fastened to a piece of wood which was placed in the ground at the head of the grave which was to receive the body. Business-wagons had been procured of our citizens by E. M. Judd ; indeed, in most instances they had been offered by their owners, and in each of these hearses were borne the remains of one of the dead. Mrs. Huldie and her babe lay in a single coffin. Thus the twenty-two wagons bore twenty-three dead to their last earthly resting-place. On each box was a green wreath, with white flowers interwoven, while on the first box, containing the confined form of John O'Neil, was a floral cross from the Baptist society.

The procession moved toward the church-yard in the following order :

Constables.

The Very Rev. Fra Leo.

The Rev. Hugh Mallon, Pastor of Wallingford parish.

The Rev. Father Slocum of St. Patrick's church, New Haven.

The Rev. Father O'Connell of St. Francis' church, Fair Haven.

Twenty-two hearse-wagons, with their dead.

Bearers following each.

Members of parish and citizens.

The police opened the way for the clergy and the wagons

bearing the dead ; the rest of the street was densely packed with a moving mass surging onward, and making a part of the great procession. From the dead-house to the burial-ground at the cemetery, and for hundreds of feet, especially to the east of the churchyard, many thousands were thickly crowded, "Like many swarms of closely-thronging bees."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAVES—THE BURIAL—ADDRESS OF REV. MR. SLOCUM.

EARLY Sunday morning finds Rev. H. Mallon and Patrick McKenna in the Catholic cemetery, indicating the location of the various graves which are soon to be dug by hands which never before had done so sad a task.

What a strange scene! Here and there a standing tombstone serves to break the sad monotony of complete desolation. Granite monuments lie broken and scattered, headstones lie fallen and shivered, and the church in the foreground of our picture is a shapeless mass of mingled ruin. But surely these men dig not graves, for this looks larger far than any grave we have ever seen. Two brothers, sons of Patrick O'Neil, will sleep side by side in this one grave, and yonder, in a single tomb, the five members of the Mooney family—mother and four children—will together sleep their last long sleep. And since these lines were written, another child of this same family sleeps in this wide grave.

Mrs. Boyle and her son, Thomas Cassin, will be hidden from the outer world by the same covering of earth, and Mrs. Huldie, with her infant folded to her heart in death as in life, will lie low beside her little daughter of four.

To Mr. and Mrs. Huldie four children had been graciously given; two of these had been taken from this world, and their departure served to strengthen the bond of tenderness and love for the two that remained. This fearful blast of Friday evening sweeps away his home and despoils him of his treasures. Homeless, wifeless, childless, can we wonder that he is hopeless? No earthly being can understand anything of his pain and agony. We can only leave him in the sacredness of silence.

Conrad Tracy and his wife and their son Henry will sleep in the earth separated simply by the wood of coffin and box

which enclose the remains of each. Five Tracy children without home or father or mother—what will life bring to them, and how will they meet its storms and tempests?

The crowd, in their excited eagerness to see everything connected with the strange and sad affair, began to press forward and either to impede the work or else to cause the earth to cave into the graves which were already dug. After a few earnest words from Patrick McKenna, they withdrew, and were easily kept back by the police present.

'Tis now late on this Sabbath afternoon, the sun is hastening to complete his daily journey, when a thickening cloud of dust moves northward, and soon the tread of many feet tells of the approaching throng; above all din and noise is heard the heavy, solemn death chant. They come in sad procession, and enter the desolate cemetery. None but the dead and their friends, and those whose duty requires their presence, are admitted inside the burial-grounds. The vast, surging, dense throng, numbered by tens of thousands, are kept back by the militia, uniformed and under arms. The hearse-wagons containing the bodies are drawn up side by side, while Rev. Fra Leo conducts the service in Latin, amid the perfume of incense from swinging censers. Then, stepping upon a little hillock of earth, Rev. Father Slocum of New Haven, preaches the sermon:

"I am about to perform the saddest task ever performed by any priest in the diocese of Hartford, and not only in that, but in the history of the State of Connecticut. I return to one and all, in behalf of Father Mallon, thanks for the kindness they have shown in this trying hour. It is only on such occasions that the spirit of Christianity seems to draw all together, and I must say that to the best of my knowledge I have never seen such unanimity of action by churches of all denominations. I do not propose to make any extended remarks nor any sermon. It is not the place. The bodies that now lie cold before you speak to you more eloquently than man can. From them you can learn two things—the uncertainty of human existence, and the power of the Creator over the created. But a few hours ago, we may say, these people were happy in yonder valley, with the prospect of a long life before them. There was the father with his family, and the mother pressing the infant to her breast, thinking when the boy should grow to be a man to comfort them in their declining years, and perhaps close their eyes in death. They

seemed as secure as man could make them. The very last thing in their minds was the thought that they were in a few hours to be hurled into eternity. But God so willed it. On this quiet and happy and prosperous village He sent as sad an infliction as was ever known in Connecticut. It teaches no matter where a man's lot is cast he must die,—whether he be a mariner on the sea, a soldier in the field, the mechanic at his bench, or the rich man in his mansion. The shafts of death will strike one as well as another when least expected. To make a practical application of this, we should try to live according to the precepts of the divine commands, so that when we are called upon to die we shall go without fear, but with a conscience prepared for His judgment. The disaster also teaches us that God's wrath is terrible, and that His ways are inscrutable. We can say to those who deny Nature's God, 'Come here and see these corpses, and then say that He is not a terrible God, if you can.' We recognize Thee, and pray that our fate may not be that of those who lie here—at least without time for preparation. I am not here to preach a sermon or to flatter memories. They have gone to a higher tribunal than man's, and are beyond flattery. But there is this consolation to friends: Our faith, which is that of our forefathers, and that which has brought us through many trials, teaches us that they are still living. They are with the communion of saints, and can pray for us as well as we for them, if prayer be necessary to release them from the toils and trials of purgatory. Job cried aloud, 'The Lord giveth and taketh away; welcome be the will of the Lord.' So say we this day. Tears cannot help the dead, though it is natural to weep, but we can help them in another way—in a practical way, as the scripture tells us. Job says, 'Have pity on me my friends, for the hand of God has touched me.' So in Maccabees it reads: 'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.' Too often the memory is buried with the mortal remains in the grave. How few of all this vast throng came here out of motives of Christianity! We would say to all, remember the dead. When you kneel down to pray, pray also for them, that no spot may be on their souls, and that God may relieve them, if detained, from the purifying fires of purgatory. Pray also for the homeless ones and those left without fathers and friends, that they may have such consolation as He alone can give. Pray for them, that you may not only do an act of charity for them, but may have kind friends behind you to pray for you that you may meet in the glories of paradise."

The boxes are now sprinkled with holy water, and the various hearse-wagons are driven, by direction of E. M. Judd, to their proper places, and the burial is soon a thing of the past.

All of these bodies were buried in the same cemetery, but

the grave of Frederick Littlewood was somewhat apart from the others, and Rev. J. E. Wildman conducted the service in his case.

Here Death has gathered to himself his prey, and while sobs and tears from women and strong men tell of breaking hearts, I can almost hear the voice of Christ saying to these troubled souls, "Peace, be still."

Since this chapter was written, another name has been added to this death-roll.

Richard Taylor died in the New Haven Hospital on Saturday, September 21, 1878.

His spine received severe injury from the cyclone, and in a short time the lower limbs and lower part of his body became paralyzed. He could take only the simplest kind of nourishment, such as milk and beef tea, and, during the last few weeks of life, while death was slowly and surely claiming his victim, he lay in helpless agony, praying for death. His healthy and robust body became a mere skeleton.

May this be the last name to be added to this catalogue of death.

Richard Taylor. 30 years.

—Whole number, 30.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISITORS—C. D. YALE'S DESPATCH—SUNDAY'S CROWDS—
PRESIDENT BISHOP'S PLAN—WEDNESDAY'S EXCURSION.

WHEREVER there is anything to be seen, there will people gather. Why this is a fact is not for us to explain ; but we all know and have felt this peculiar attraction. The wind with its strange and fatal violence had scarcely done its work on that sad Friday evening, when strangers began to appear in the desolated regions. On foot, in teams, by rail, they found access into the village and among the ruins. All through the hours of that busy night, new and strange faces flitted here and there, peering among the ruined houses and gazing with strange and startled looks upon the once happy homes, now scattered into countless fragments. On the morrow, many who had scarcely credited the rumors came to see and to confess the inadequacy of any description to portray the spectacle of ruin and desolation which met their gaze.

In the forenoon of Saturday the dépôt was not much crowded, since those who arrived hurried quickly to see the ruins ; but in the afternoon, and especially in the evening, the dépôt within and without was closely crowded with human beings, and throngs were on and about the track, ready to return to their homes. The police did a very valuable service in clearing the tracks just before the arrival of trains, else accident must have resulted. The rush for tickets was unprecedented, and both of the ticket-windows were blocked by two living masses, eager for tickets. Most of the tickets were for short distances, yet the sales at this station on Friday night and during Saturday exceeded \$700. Mr. Edmonds was unaided in the work of selling tickets, and on Sunday the balls of his feet were swollen and sore, and he was unable to stand without suffering pain from them.

In New Haven and Meriden the excitement was intense, and continued so for several days.

In the cars, not only were the aisles crowded, but outside the platforms and steps were filled by many feet, and some were clinging by the railings. Of the conduct and bearing of our friends from other towns we have to say only words of praise. People in crowds often seem to lose something of the human, and to gain something of the brute ; but quietly, orderly, and manly was the way in which they bore themselves. Surely, what they saw would have been amply sufficient to sober and to restrain any being not wholly given over to evil ; and the influence of the gentler sex was valuable. The majority of the strangers during these days were women, somewhat justifying the world-wide belief in their curiosity. On Monday, the crowds continued still to come, but not so many in numbers as on Saturday. Tuesday saw less of strangers, but it was only a respite before the greater numbers of the next day.

It was rumored on Saturday that special trains would be run on Sunday. It was a bad omen ; and on Saturday afternoon the following despatch was sent :

To Vice-President Reed :

Please allow no trains to stop here to-morrow.

C. D. YALE, *Warden.*

SUNDAY.

No trains ran on the Consolidated road, but on the Air-Line railroad there was a special train from New Haven to East Hampton, to carry passengers to the dedication of a Catholic church. When the train stopped here, a number, perhaps two hundred and fifty, remained and came into the village to see the effects of the tornado and to attend the funeral.

Before sunrise, teams began to hasten toward the village, and the tread of hoofs and clatter of wheels continued to increase ; every avenue of approach to our town seemed threaded for many miles with a moving, endless throng.

Every town within a radius of twenty-five miles must have sent numerous representatives. Vehicles of every kind, quality, and size were made to do service. Stages and large wagons came full to the brim, and a long and scattered line was to be seen walking on the railroad track from New Haven, and also from Meriden. The stables could not accommodate any great number of the horses ; but yet, in their yards and barns, every foot of standing-room was occupied, and many soap- and starch-boxes served as mangers. Private barns and barnyards became, of necessity, public property for the time being, and vacant lots were in many instances occupied by teams. The streets were filled with a line of vehicles going each way, and the police were constantly busy in keeping this crowd in motion. The public-houses were soon over-crowded, and several groceries were very properly opened, but crackers and cheese and herrings were soon exhausted. We were not prepared for so many visitors. Many took dinner in barns, and many returned home faint from hunger. The dust and heat and intense excitement of this day are at length over, and as the shades of evening close around us, peace and quiet clothe us as with a mantle.

WEDNESDAY.

Perhaps "corporations have no souls ;" but William D. Bishop, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has an excellent substitute for a heart. When, without any solicitation or expectation on our part, he stated that on Wednesday, August 14th, tickets to Wallingford would be sold from every station on the road, and that the entire gross receipts would be given for the relief of the sufferers, we all commended his wise and generous plan. The railroad company had by means of printed bills advertised their plan, and the result was success. The company were astonished at the crowds, but yet were prepared for them. The tickets were good on any train, but regular trains with extra cars were not sufficient ; extra trains were put on, and these were heavily loaded, inside and out.

We take the following from the *New Haven Journal and Courier* of Thursday, August 15th :

"The rush to Wallingford yesterday was something without precedent in the history of railroading in this State, and the throngs in the dépôt and on the platform at train time, the crowds at the ticket-office windows, the hurrying to the cars and the great length of trains, made the scene striking and memorable. Besides the regular trains, several large specials were run, three of them of fourteen cars and one of twenty-one cars, which either immediately preceded or directly followed the regular trains. All the regular trains were also very large. Yesterday was the day for half fare to Wallingford from all points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the entire gross proceeds to go for the benefit of the sufferers. Several hundred people at least came up the New York road from points below this city, a large number of them from Bridgeport, and three thousand seven hundred and fifty tickets were sold at the ticket-office in this city. The fare from this city to Wallingford and return was thirty-five cents, making the handsome sum of one thousand three hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents from this city alone for the sufferers. This fine contribution in itself will be very largely increased by the receipts at Hartford and Meriden, and minor stations. The branch road from Middletown did one of the largest day's work ever known upon it. Meriden sent down, it was estimated, over two thousand people, and a large number of Hartford people came down. New Haven gentlemen stood near the ticket-office in this city witnessing the sale of tickets. We venture to say that tickets were never sold more rapidly and in better form anywhere. When the twenty-one-car special stood on the track at the dépôt, various gentlemen stood near noting the rapidity with which the tickets were passed out. The large number of seven hundred and fifty tickets were sold in the remarkably short time of eight minutes, and at this period of the day, one thousand six hundred and fifty tickets were sold in forty minutes. Ticket Agent States presided at one window and Mrs. States at the other. Officer Kennedy was, as usual, most indefatigable and of great service in affording information to the people, and the female portion of the throng depended solely upon him at times for guidance and assistance to the trains, and though the time of the officer was about as well taken up as could be imagined, he seemed a match for every and all emergencies, no matter how complicated by the besieging ticket-buyers. The vice-president of the Consolidated road directed matters in person throughout the entire day, a sufficient guarantee of the most successful railroading effort. Conductors Loomis, Brompton, Kinney, Pardee, Ellsworth, Curtiss, Holcomb, and Hart were in service on the trains, the three first named being the regulars, and there being two conductors to some of the trains, owing to the great number of tickets to be taken. Various of the trains were drawn by two locomotives. There was the utmost orderly conduct at the dépôt and trains, and not a single case requiring the attention of the police, and among the great body of people transported nothing occurred in

the slightest degree to create confusion or excitement. On the branch to the dépôt of the Fair Haven & Westville Horse Railroad there were two thousand five hundred transfers received, representing that number of cash fares received on other portions of the route of the company, and this, with the number of cash fares received on the branch, made a total of about three thousand passengers carried over the branch to the dépôt. The supply of transfers ran out during the day, and meeting the exigency the president, in the absence of the secretary, gone on his vacation, had a new supply printed, and they requiring signatures, signed his name to four hundred inside of an hour's time."

In the afternoon the crowds about our dépôt were so great that to avoid any trouble the cars from the north stopped and left their passengers before reaching the dépôt, and near the scene of ruin, while trains from the south left and received passengers in several cases before coming to the dépôt. Twenty cars drawn by two engines was not an uncommon sight. It is perfectly marvelous that no accidents occurred; but the services of the police must not be lost sight of in this connection. The order and behavior during these days may be indicated by mentioning that only three persons were put in the lock-up during the entire time.

After Wednesday, for many days, visitors came and still are coming, but there was no great body of them, and they were scarcely noticed after what we had already seen. The number of persons present can never be known.

The following letter from the general ticket office of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, is in reply to a question of mine:

NEW YORK, August 24, 1878.

JOHN B. KENDRICK, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of 22d inst., there were carried to Wallingford by this Company, August 10th, 3,827 passengers; August 12th, 3,074 passengers; August 13th, 2,462 passengers; August 14th, 7,974 passengers.

Yours truly,

C. T. HEMPSTEAD, G. T. A.

In the rush, hundreds bought no tickets, paying on the cars; while many, doubtless, escaped payment. Adding to the numbers given, those who came on foot and by teams, a low estimate gives for August 10th, 7,000; August 12th, 6,200; August 13th, 5,000; August 14th, 12,500.

On Sunday, from actual count, 2,020 teams passed one point on Main street in forty minutes. The New Haven *Register* numbers 15,000 teams and five persons to each team; then, by adding to this number 2,000 persons who came on foot, the number 77,000 is made. One New Haven paper says this number is too large by half. This will give some idea how the immense concourse impressed every one. However, I do not think we had more than 22,000 with us on Sunday. Many took home with them some relic of the disaster; pieces of the church organ, chair-rounds, and canes from some great tree, are now shown in many homes as relics of the great tornado. One paper estimates that cords of wood were thus carried off.

CHAPTER IX.

POLICE—MILITIA—GOVERNOR HUBBARD'S VISIT—LIQUOR.

R. S. AUSTIN, our constable, was promptly on hand. In the early part of the evening he was on upper Main street, and at the suggestion of Mr. Simpson, appointed several persons to guard the exposed property. Later in the night, he rendered service at the school-house, by preventing any excessive crowding of the building by sight-seers and bereaved friends. The desire, so common and yet so strange, to see the ghastly and deathly scene, drew mingled crowds of both sexes and every age, and, of course, some order was needful. It soon began to be felt that some regularly organized force was necessary to protect property and to maintain peace during the night and on succeeding days, since it was absolutely certain that many thousands of strangers would soon be in our town. Selectman R. B. Wallace, who had been busy on the Plains during the earlier part of the evening, returned to the town hall, and promptly at nine o'clock administered the oath of office to twenty-four special constables; of this number, nine were detailed for duty on Main street, while the remainder were stationed at various points on the Plains.

R. B. Wallace appointed as chief of the force S. M. Scranton, who remained in charge all night, and was assisted by officer Goodrich of Meriden.

Patrick McKenna assumed charge of the force on the Plains, and his services in this connection were of great value. Additional men were sworn in as they seemed to be needed. Deputy-sheriff Morgan was absent from town Friday night, but upon his return did effective service.

On Saturday morning, the selectmen appointed as chief of the force Edward Yale, who was assisted in his work by George Hull.

On Tuesday, but few of the men were needed, but on the

following day, when the railroad company issued excursion tickets to our town, about one hundred were on duty. The services rendered by the special police were of peculiar value. They were useful in restraining and repressing any incipient troubles. In upper Main street, at the street corners, near the Plains school-house, at the dépôt, and elsewhere, the young man—for the majority of them were young men—with stout cane in hand, and simple word "Police" pinned upon his hatband, did no mean service.

By order of the selectmen, the force was disbanded at twelve o'clock, Wednesday night, but a few remained on duty through the night to be ready for any emergency which might arise. Many are the names of those who seem to well merit special mention, but it would be invidious to name only some, where all are so worthy. At first a round piece of red flannel was the badge, but later the word "Police" on satin ribbon took its place.

The drill and discipline of the military company is by no means lost, though its members never fight a battle. The ready and prompt obedience taught in this way is valuable not only during the monotony of daily life, but also in crises of every kind. Hence, naturally enough, we thought of Company K as our police force ready for the occasion. Captain Wm. N. Mix quietly, but firmly, insisted that he had no right to call out his company; he said that the Governor, and he alone, could call out the company. A telegram was sent to Governor Hubbard, asking him to call out our local militia, but he responded by asking "Why?" and said he would be down the next morning.

Let us meet the Governor at the train; it can do him no harm. On the 11.20 train on Saturday morning he reaches here. He has hurried down from Hartford. All last night there were rumors in that city of a strange destruction in this growing town, and while on his way to see this sad scene of ruin, he has read and listened and talked on this subject, so new, so startling, so awful. As he comes from the train, General S. R. Smith and Selectman R. B. Wallace are ready to receive him. He visits the ruins, he hears of the dead

and the dying; what before he thought exaggerated, he now knows was faintly and only partially told. With a generous and active sympathy, he takes from his private purse one hundred dollars and gives this sum to our warden, Hon. C. D. Yale, to be used for the sufferers. He tells R. B. Wallace that he has a kind of old-fashioned notion that the militia should never be called out until the civil power has been exhausted. Then he goes back to his city, though with sadness, yet certainly with something of the feeling, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In this case the chief magistrate of the State clearly exemplified one of the fundamental principles of our government, namely, the subordination of the military to the civil power.

The great majority of the members of the military company were sworn in as special constables, and were certainly the nucleus of the "police force" thus formed. Captain Wm. N. Mix directed the movements of these men during a portion of Saturday and all Saturday night, having his quarters in the armory, and also during Sunday. On Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, the company met at their armory, and in full uniform and under arms, marched to the Catholic cemetery, where they formed in hollow square outside the line of graves. They thus kept back the dense and curious crowds until the burial was over, then they marched back to the armory. They were, of course, subject to the civil authority. This action was purely voluntary, but none the less effective, and all the more praiseworthy.

Below we add a list of special constables; their pay was decided upon as fifteen cents per hour, but many refused pay.

E. C. Allen,
Alfred Atkinson,
Albro N. Allen,
J. M. Andrews,
H. Atkinson,
Lyman Allen,
Richard Atkinson,
C. S. Allen,
A. J. Andrews,
William T. Butler,

George E. Bullock,
Charles E. Blake,
James Brogden,
H. C. Boutelle,
John Brosnan,
W. H. Barbour,
C. Blunt,
James Cassin,
James Cox,
Charles O. Charter,

Thomas Cassin,
R. L. Conklin,
W. Curtis,
W. Cook,
George Dickerman,
William Dickerson,
John Douglas,
A. S. Dickinson,
George Dickinson,
H. W. Davis,
L. L. Edell,
Willis Edell,
George W. Elton,
W. A. Ferry,
John H. Feeley,
William Fitzgeralds,
J. B. Foster,
T. E. Fitzgeralds,
John Fitzgeralds,
W. R. Gilbert,
Thomas Galligan,
James Gaffney,
A. J. Goodrich,
J. P. Gibbons,
Herbert Ginty,
Edward Gaylord,
Charles Goodell,
Moses P. Hall,
Silas L. Hall,
George Hull,
George Hodgett,
Frederic Hull,
J. A. Hall,
Charles Hull,
C. F. Harwood,
E. C. Hotchkiss,
J. W. Hunt,
Warren Hart,
W. E. Hall,
Samuel Hodgett,
Frank Ives,
Arthur A. Jones,
A. J. Jarrett,
Thomas Kavanaugh,
Joseph Kershaw,

J. B. Kendrick,
P. H. Keene,
William Looby, Jr.,
J. T. Lezmore,
W. J. Leavenworth,
F. L. Lewis,
John Lombard,
Edward Leonard,
W. J. Morse,
Edward Murray,
Thomas McKeon,
R. C. Morse,
H. H. Martin,
H. Mansfield, Jr.,
L. M. Monroe,
George D. Munson,
Edward McGuire,
George A. Munson,
William Myers,
Edward Northrop,
Stephen Northrop,
Lewis Northrop,
C. O. Norton,
William Norman,
Terence O'Reily,
John O'Reily,
John O'Connell,
Martin O'Connell,
William H. Phillips,
Michael Percell,
Frank Phelps,
W. T. Perkins,
Thomas Pickford,
E. H. Pratt,
O. E. Powers,
W. J. Peers,
William Ryan,
Andrew Ryan,
W. J. Rice,
David Ross,
James Reynolds,
James Roach,
L. G. Seeley,
S. M. Scranton,
C. E. Smith,

H. C. Smith,
 Samuel G. Simpson,
 S. J. Stow,
 A. A. Sperry,
 J. W. Spencer,
 George Simpson,
 A. W. Sperry,
 S. S. Tyler,
 Charles Tooth, Jr.,
 H. C. Terrell,
 Sterling Tuttle,
 Edward Talmadge,
 W. Talcott,
 Charles Tooth, Sr.,

Augustus Tuttle,
 Allen Washington,
 W. T. Rynn,
 John Rynn,
 George W. Woodhouse,
 W. J. Ward,
 S. T. Whitney,
 H. O. Winslow,
 James Wheeler,
 F. L. Waples,
 William Whitaker,
 L. Wheeler,
 E. C. Yale,
 F. Yale.—138

In the terror and excitement of the disaster, all else was forgotten, but in a few hours the force of habit began to show itself even then, and not a few soon found, almost by intuition, the shortest path to the nearest saloon. This betokened disorder and danger. About 10.30 Friday evening, Patrick McKenna, going to the saloons which were open, requested them to close, and this request was promptly heeded. Mr. McKenna's ready and sensible action all through these anxious days merits praise.

At an early hour Saturday morning, several of our numerous bars were open and doing, as they would say, a thriving business. Selectman William E. Hall went to the different saloon-keepers and requested that no liquor be sold during the day. Such bar-rooms as were open were at once closed. It required constant vigilance on the part of officers and other citizens to enforce this request during the rest of the day. At eleven o'clock the warden of the borough, C. D. Yale, issued a peremptory order that all places where liquor was sold should be closed forthwith, and the only saloon found open at that time was closed at once. At one o'clock, Patrick Taylor, Patrick McKenna, and J. B. Kendrick discovered that entrance to several of the saloons was being made at the back door. The two latter persons appeared before the warden and disclosed the real state of the matter. In a few earnest words they urged decisive measures. The subject received the attention of the officers, and Captain

William N. Mix guaranteed that the saloons should be entirely closed and should remain so during the night. His efforts in this direction were quite successful. I did not see a drunken person on Saturday, and my experience is the same as that of others. This evil, or rather source and fountain of countless ills, was thus firmly and promptly met, and in this way much difficulty was entirely prevented.

CHAPTER X.

HOSPITAL—MEETINGS—COMMITTEES AND THEIR WORK— CONTRIBUTIONS.

ON Saturday, the day succeeding the tornado, two vacant rooms on the first floor of the town hall building began to be used as a hospital. The hospital had a life of just seven days. It began on Saturday and on another Saturday its last two patients evacuated the building and took up quarters in the New Haven hospital. At first it was doubtless a necessity, but as the patients became improved, they were better off with their friends, and the few severe and dangerous cases were likely to receive better attention in a city hospital. Dr. Banks thinks that if the hospital had continued there would have been fatal cases of hospital gangrene. From the very first, many of the injured were cared for by relatives and neighbors, so that the number of patients was at no time large. The largest number there at any one time is given as fourteen. Thomas Pickford rendered valuable aid in hospital affairs, and Capt. M. D. Munson's services were wise and efficient.

Saturday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the bell was rung, but it failed to call many to the town hall, as they were too busy or too excited to come; however, the selectmen's room was filled, and C. D. Yale, warden of the borough, presided, and W. J. Leavenworth was appointed secretary. Little was said, but all knew and felt that decisive and energetic measures were justly demanded of our officers. The borough officers, together with the selectmen, were empowered to take such action as they deemed best. Hezekiah Hall echoed the sentiment, and thought of all when he said, "Our officers of the town and borough need no instructions; they were elected for this and every emergency which might arise. Let them act, and no one will hesitate about sustaining them."

The clergy of the town were appointed to collect funds. All through this day Mr. Yale, the Borough Warden, was at his post, directing the movements of the workers under his charge, sending to various cities for aid, and in general acting with promptness and efficiency.

At 2 P. M. of the same day, a meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held in the town hall. L. M. Hubbard was appointed chairman, and H. L. Hall, secretary. Rev. J. E. Wildman stated that we were met to devise measures for relieving the suffering and needy. The result of the meeting was the appointment of the following committees :

For ascertaining the various needs of the sufferers.—Mrs. M. W. Foote, Mrs. Robert H. Cowles, Mrs. C. H. Barbour, Eugene H. Pratt, Rev. J. E. Wildman.

For soliciting articles of clothing, etc.—Mrs. Friend C. Allen, Mrs. O. I. Martin, Miss Lilla Atwater, Miss Mattie Judd, Mrs. Burdon.

Committee for nurses.—Mrs. Albert Hallenbeck, Mrs. J. C. Mansfield, Mrs. Stanley Botsford, Thomas Pickford, M. D. Munson.

Several times during the meeting, word came that the injured and wounded needed prompt attention, so urgent was the necessity.

The meeting empowered the warden to telegraph to the neighboring cities for aid. The following call for aid was sent to the mayors of New Haven, Hartford, Meriden, Bridgeport, Norwich, New London, Norwalk, Stamford, Middletown, and New Britain :

WALLINGFORD, August 10th.

To the Mayor :

A tornado has rendered a large number of our people destitute and suffering. Can anything be done in your churches to-morrow for their relief ?

C. D. YALE. *Warden.*

Responses were received from the Mayor of Waterbury, Mr. Boughton ; G. Williams, acting Mayor of New London ; H. Wales Lines, Mayor of Meriden ; from W. & B. Douglas, for Mayor Douglas of Middletown, and Frank Sumner, for

Mayor Sumner of Hartford ; Mayors Douglas, Sumner, and Waller of New London, and Shelton of New Haven, were out of town. Mayor Shelton did not receive his dispatch until too late to take action on Saturday. The Mayor of Meriden telegraphed as follows :

MERIDEN, August 10th.

Charles D. Yale, Wallingford :

Public meeting already called at town hall this morning. I trust the result will be substantial evidence of our sympathy.

H. WALES LINES, *Mayor.*

All the responses promised effort and aid.

The committees of ladies and gentlemen appointed at this meeting of ours worked with heart and will, and some of them devoted many hours of days and nights to their work.

Provisions and supplies of clothing were received at the town hall for the few days following, and were dispensed from there ; afterward the basement of the Congregational church was used for this purpose.

L. M. Hubbard and Rev. J. E. Wildman were appointed to attend the meeting in Meriden in the evening, and to state our condition. The assembly then adjourned to meet on Monday evening at 7.30.

On Monday evening the town hall was well filled, when L. M. Hubbard took the chair. The secretary being absent, Andrew Andrews was appointed secretary *pro tem.* on motion of Gurdon W. Hull. A report of the condition and needs of the sufferers was made by J. E. Wildman. Twenty-five families are in a condition of more or less destitution, the large majority being stripped of every earthly possession, and some even of what they had on at the time, besides being severely injured in various ways. One girl, just returned from work, was not only seriously wounded by timbers when hurled from the house, but was stripped of every particle of clothing, including a pair of corsets.

Rev. J. E. Wildman stated that the committee would be at the town hall on Tuesday from 8 to 11 o'clock A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M., to receive and to distribute clothing to the needy and destitute.

A letter from Rev. J. H. Beale was read, stating that \$202.96 had been received by him on Saturday as the result of his appeals, and had been placed in the Dime Savings Bank.

It was voted that an executive committee of eleven be appointed to take charge of the funds, and five persons were appointed to nominate for this committee. The committee on nominations were appointed by the Chair as follows: Rev. J. E. Wildman, M. D. Munson, Dr. B. F. Harrison, William N. Mix, and Hezekiah Hall. They reported the following names, which were accepted: Samuel Simpson, L. M. Hubbard, Henry L. Hall, Rev. J. E. Wildman, Dr. B. F. Harrison, Morton Judd, Hezekiah Hall, Bennett Jeralds, Rev. Hugh Mallon, H. S. Hall, John Kendrick.

W. J. Leavenworth, William N. Mix, and Clarence Brown were appointed a committee to collect money from teams passing through town.

Harvey S. Hall urged the appointment of persons to have charge of booths, and urged that our families should send in food, so that the entire proceeds might go to the relief fund. This was a wise suggestion.

The following were appointed a committee on booths and refreshments: Mrs. James Northrop, Mrs. Emory Morse, Mrs. Horace Austin, Miss Lilla C. Hall, Messrs. John Upson, Henry Wooding, Harvey S. Hall, William Munson, J. M. Andrus, Amos Dickerson.

The booths took in considerable money for the sufferers; indeed, before this meeting of Monday evening, cakes and other refreshments had been sold at the school-house grounds for the benefit of the general fund. Ex-Mayor H. G. Lewis of New Haven, paid ten dollars for a cup of coffee, and L. M. Hubbard two dollars for a like refreshment.

Samuel Simpson suggested the appointment of some person to write a history of this disaster, and thought it desirable that such a manuscript be deposited in the town vaults. John B. Kendrick was appointed, on motion of J. C. Mansfield. It was late, and after remarks by several, the meeting adjourned.

The executive committee of eleven soon began its work, and it was no longer necessary to hold mass meetings.

This executive committee, together with the selectmen and borough officers, met the next evening in L. M. Hubbard's office. They organized by appointing Samuel Simpson president, W. J. Leavenworth secretary, and Dr. B. F. Harrison treasurer. Hezekiah Hall, William E. Hall, and John Kendrick were appointed a sub-committee to supply the immediate wants of the needy and suffering. This sub-committee met every afternoon from four to six at Captain Kendrick's office to hear and to supply wants. Stoves, bedsteads, beds, chairs, crockery, clothing, shoes, food, etc., were supplied by this committee. The larger committee continued to hold their meetings, at first every evening, then only three evenings each week. Their work was to consider cases of loss, to order payment of moneys, and to transact business of like character.

The clergy had been appointed on Saturday morning to receive gifts for the suffering, and acted in this capacity. On Sunday, collectors, with suitable badges on their hats, were busy at the corners and crowded places seeking and obtaining money to be used for the needy and destitute. On Monday and Wednesday, many of our citizens became collectors and did good service. At the citizens' meeting on Saturday afternoon, Rev. J. H. Beale stated that contributions for the sufferers would be taken up on Sunday in many of the Methodist churches of our State. Throughout the State, in many churches of various denominations, offerings were made for our homeless and injured ones. Some of these cities and towns nobly came to our assistance in this time of sore distress and affliction. Meriden was prompt to begin the work of systematic aid. Her prominent citizens held an earnest meeting on Saturday evening. Ex-mayor Lewis presided. O. B. Arnold and John S. Butler were appointed to select soliciting committees for each ward. L. M. Hubbard and Rev. J. E. Wildman were present to advise and also to portray our terrible condition and pressing needs.

A number of prominent men of New Haven met in the

Mayor's office on Monday evening to consider plans for aiding us. Mayor Shelton spoke from what he had seen of the ruin, and urged New Haven to give all possible aid. Mayor Shelton was appointed chairman, and Seth T. Seeley secretary. Ex-mayor H. G. Lewis spoke in graphic terms of the ruin and the misery; he urged prompt action in favor of our friends in need, in woe, and in the deepest distress. Action in our favor was taken in Hartford also.

The treasurer, B. F. Harrison, M. D., gives me the following list of money paid into the fund up to Sept. 29:

Governor R. D. Hubbard,	\$100.00	Collected by G. K. Carrington,	\$25.61
Wallingford Community,	100.00	" D. W. Ives,	30.00
Stiles Hotchkiss, Wolcott,	5.00	" Geo. D. Munson,	13.75
CONTRIBUTIONS,	7.95	" S. J. Stow,	2.71
Morton Judd,	100.00	W. B. Watson,	4.35
George Whittelsey,	100.00	C. B. Erwin, New Britain,	100.00
Joseph F. Noyes,	10.00	Collected by Wm. H. Munson,	26.00
Richard Talbot,	2.00	Mrs. William Elton,	5.00
E. Whitworth,	5.00	F. B. Bartholomew,	3.00
E. May,	2.00	W. L. Larue,	1.00
Sarah Carrington,	10.00	Frank Northrop,	1.00
Sarah K. Carrington,	5.00	William Tillson, Willimantic,	10.00
Park St. Cong. Ch., Bridgeport,	24.00	L. Pomeroy,	10.00
Fairfield M. E. Ch., Bridgeport,	18.30	James M. Torbert,	2.00
South and North Cong. Chs.,		Mrs. F. W. Hubbard,	5.00
Bridgeport,	72.28	Mrs. J. E. Wildman,	5.00
First Baptist Ch., Bridgeport,	14.00	Mrs. O. Cannon,	2.80
E. Wash. Av. Bap. Ch., Bridgeport,	8.05	T. Pickford,	1.00
Trinity Epis. Ch., Waterbury,	32.23	F. Ebert,	1.00
William Brown, Waterbury,	5.00	"Cash," North Haven,	2.00
H. B. Bigelow & Co., N. Haven,	100.00	Unknown,	4.00
Wash. Park Ch., New Haven,	19.00	Collections of G. I. Mix,	16.42
J. N. Harris, New London,	50.00	Mrs. D. M. Stone, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	10.00
New Britain churches,	73.50	Rev. Mr. Thorn, New Haven,	5.00
Mr. Russell, New York city,	20.00	Episcopal Church, Middletown,	90.45
S. E. Merwin, New Haven,	50.00	Mr. Page, Naugatuck,	10.00
St. John's Epis. Ch., Bridgeport,	71.00	Mr. Cowles, Farmington,	5.00
Willard Hopkins, Naugatuck,	25.00	Cash,	.50
Contrib. through J. H. Beale,	202.96	Rufus S. Doolittle,	10.00
Contrib. through Mrs. J. H. Beale,	.50	Young people S. Bapt. Ch., Hart.,	25.00
"Cash," Waterbury,	2.00	St. Mary's Cath. Ch., N. London,	100.00
D. C. Sheehan,	10.00	St. James Epis. Ch., N. London,	55.76
Jos. A. Sheffield, New Haven,	100.00	First Bapt. Ch., New London,	34.00
N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.,	3,854.23	Second Cong. Ch., N. London,	51.50
Collected by John Mix,	6.01	Second Bapt. Ch., N. London,	6.00
" G. M. Wallace,	9.28	Third Bapt. Ch., N. London,	17.00

M. E. Church, New London,	\$12.00	Hon. C. D. Yale,	\$100.00
Methodist Church, Stamford,	29.28	First Church, Waterbury,	1.00
St. Andrew's Ch., Stamford,	2.00	Trinity P. E. Ch., Bridgeport,	43.52
St. John's Church, Stamford,	12.00	Jno. W. Andrews, Columbus, O.,	50.00
Praise Meeting, Guilford,	74.34	Catholic Church, New Britain,	90.00
Sales of food by Jno. Upson and others,	329.82	G. Williams and son, N. London,	3.50
Emily Dutton,	15.00	Jos. Parker and son, N. Haven,	25.00
Col. H. B. Carrington, Craw- fordsville, Ind.,	10.00	Baptist Church, Stamford,	46.00
Willis Warner, Brooklyn, N.Y.,	50.00	Collections by Geo. D. Munson,	13.00
St. James Epis. Parish, Westville,	8.50	Citizens of New Haven,	2,000.00
St. Michael's E. Ch., Naugatuck,	22.00	Citizens of Meriden,	1,929.58
Grace Church, Long Hill,	14.30	Frances J. Curtis,	500.00
Christ Epis. Church, Tashua,	7.00	D. Camp, contributions, N. Brit.,	11.00
Prof. Yardley, Middletown,	1.00	H. S. White, Middletown,	2.00
B. R. Townsend,	10.00	Christ Church, Norwich,	16.01
Mrs. King, New Haven,	2.30	Park Church, Norwich,	33.52
Cong. Sunday-sch., Voluntown,	23.32	First Cong. Church, Norwich,	41.00
First Cong. Ch., New London,	48.98	Trinity Church, Norwich,	7.62
Mrs. E. P. Hotchkiss, Plantsville,	1.00	Taftville Church, Norwich,	4.00
"Cash,"	1.50	Cash, Middlefield,	2.10
Cong. Ch. and citizens, Middle- town,	255.38	E. E. Marvin, Hartford,	10.00
Cash, Bridgeport,	2.50	Cong. Church, Pequonnoc,	16.63
John Upson,	30.00	Samuel Simpson,	500.00
Geo. H. Watrous, New Haven,	25.00	First Cong. Ch., Lyme,	16.00
J. E. Nugent,	100.00	Patrick McKenna,	5.00
F. Hubbard, Durham,	2.00	Second Cong. Ch., Waterbury,	88.45
Ch. of St. Augustine, Bridgeport,	83.00	"Contributions," by G. H. Woods,	
Methodist Church, Waterbury,	28.00	Hartford,	322.01
Elisha Whittelsey,	100.00	J. R. Davis, Bridgeport,	1.00
Stranger, Meriden,	1.00	Christ Church, Guilford,	23.56
Father Fagan, Naugatuck,	25.00	Rev. A. N. Lewis, Westport,	13.10
Rev. H. Mallon, from Hartford,	200.00	Dime Savings Bank, "Contribu- tions,"	692.46
City of New Haven, by Mayor		Dime Savings Bank, "Contribu- tions," "Trade Dollars,"	30.00
Wm. R. Shelton,	152.99	Wm. Murry,	5.00
George D. Allen,	2.00	First Cong. Sunday School,	9.50
Nathan Peck, by Samuel Peck,		P. T. Ives,	25.00
New Haven,	20.00	Mr. Hugo, collections, sent by	
Henry Farnam, by Samuel Peck,		Mayor Wm. R. Shelton, New	
New Haven,	200.00	Haven,	45.50
		Amount,	\$14,529.41

A Waterbury bank has on deposit more than \$500 to be expended under the special direction of our clergy, so that it is clearly seen that more than \$15,000 in money have been contributed to aid us in this fearful calamity. It is the purpose of the committee, when they close their labors, to pass

an unexpended balance of several hundred dollars into the hands of the acting clergy of our village, to be added to the contribution from Waterbury, and to be expended during the autumn and winter chiefly for clothing.

Besides these sums, other moneys are pledged and will soon be paid. After the necessary expenditures for burial and for immediate necessities, the remainder, except a small reserve fund, will be apportioned to the losers according to their loss and their need.

In Yalesville, a large supply of clothing and groceries was given and distributed among the sufferers.

Captain S. P. Crafts of Quinnipiac, gives five thousand bricks.

L. Strauss & Son of New York, give a cask of crockery.

The Middlesex Orphanage offered to take some of the children without charge, but other disposition was made of them.

The School for Nurses in New Haven makes no charge for the assistance given.

E. H. Ives gives \$100 for the relief of John Munson.

Hezekiah Hall expended from his private purse, \$28.00 for the relief of the deserving and needy, instead of adding that amount to the general fund.

The workmen of the Community, forty-four in number, give the wages of one day's work (and A. A. Sperry that of two) for the relief of the Tracy children. This gives seventy-five dollars.

The Hartford *Courant* gives the proceeds from the sale of five hundred copies.

Numerous other offerings of materials, etc., were made.

The loss is estimated at \$150,000, and falls chiefly on private property.

We give below the list of losses as estimated by the Committee on Losses. The value of the property is given without reference to mortgages, but the amount each loser will receive depends upon his real loss, varying from 20 to 30 per cent. on the loss.

This committee is Samuel Simpson, Hezekiah Hall, H. B. Todd, W. J. Leavenworth.

OWNER.	LOSS.	OWNER.	LOSS
James Curran, - - - - -	\$1,350	James Slowman, - - - - -	\$150
John George Grasser, - - - - -	2,250	Joel Paddock, - - - - -	1,125
Michael Caten, - - - - -	1,800	Samuel Peck, - - - - -	300
John Ginty, - - - - -	600	Hermann Vasseur, - - - - -	1,600
Patrick O'Neil, - - - - -	900	Samuel B. Parmlee, - - - - -	5,250
Charles Paden, - - - - -	900	John Munson, Main street, -	4,500
Michael Looby, - - - - -	900	William M. Hall, - - - - -	1,350
Patrick Coughlin, - - - - -	900	Chauncey Hough, - - - - -	1,200
Barney Cassidy, - - - - -	900	Mrs. Friend Miller, - - - - -	1,350
Wm. Looby, Jr., - - - - -	900	Mrs. Fanny Ives, - - - - -	600
John Lynch, - - - - -	900	Elijah Williams, - - - - -	550
Matthew Cassen's heirs, - - - - -	3,200	John Lewis, - - - - -	150
Patrick Cline, - - - - -	2,000	Thomas Gallagher, - - - - -	225
Conrad Tracy's heirs, - - - - -	900	J. R. Campbell, - - - - -	350
Mrs. John Lee, - - - - -	1,400	Thomas Wrynn, - - - - -	400
James Lee, - - - - -	3,300	Peter Lee, - - - - -	225
Daniel Toohy's heirs, - - - - -	1,800	Philo. Parker's heirs, - - - - -	200
Dennis Redmond, - - - - -	250	Mrs. Ellen Coffee, - - - - -	150
Mrs. Hurley, - - - - -	600	William Hayden, - - - - -	150
John Munson, on Plains, - - - - -	2,000	Edward Hayden, - - - - -	100
Henry Jones, - - - - -	1,350	William Cook, - - - - -	150
Mrs. George Munson, - - - - -	600	Hall Brothers, butchers, -	300
Mrs. William Gallagher, - - - - -	600	John Atwater, - - - - -	150
John Ives, - - - - -	375	E. B. Miller, - - - - -	2,000
N. C. Hall, - - - - -	600	Maria Cassin, - - - - -	800
Mary Cline, - - - - -	100	James Rynn, - - - - -	100
John Redmond, - - - - -	100	Mrs. T. O'Reilly, - - - - -	200
Mrs. A. Wolcott, - - - - -	150	Amount, - - - - -	55,250
Public Buildings, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	\$25,000
Trees,—Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	25,000
Fences, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	8,000
Wagons, and other vehicles, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	1,500
Farming and Gardening Implements, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	1,500
Furniture and Household Goods, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	10,000
Clothing, Money, Books, Pictures, Albums. etc., - - - - -	-	- - - - -	10,000
Amount, - - - - -	-	- - - - -	\$136,250

Besides the destruction of the Catholic church and the injury done to the school-house, thirty houses were completely destroyed; fourteen houses were severely injured; fifteen barns were destroyed, and a number were seriously damaged. Of course, the real loss is not so much in houses and in barns as in homes destroyed, in the dearest ties rudely broken, and in ghastly death.

CHAPTER XI.

RELICS—INCIDENTS.

THIS hurricane, as it hastened oceanward, left on its way many messages from us, telling of what strange work it had been doing here. Shingles and pieces of timber and boards lay strewn in field and wood for miles eastward. Clothing of all kinds was picked up here and there, much of it uninjured by the storm which had carried it. Veils, a quilt, mat, shirts, pieces of printed books, receipts, skirts, and, indeed, articles of every kind that are found in well-regulated families, were picked up miles away. Near Hezekiah Hall's, on East Farms, a trunk-cover was picked up. A man living three miles or more east of the Plains says that he saw a blind high in the air, moving eastward with lightning rapidity. Willis Stevens, living at least three miles east of the churches, found in that vicinity a geography leaf containing a description of hurricanes. A board sixteen feet long, was carried from some house here and dropped into the house of Walter Hart, in Durham; his house was unroofed just in time to receive this relic. A long roof-board was deposited on the premises of Henry Page, in Durham. A piece of the tin-roof of the school-house was picked up in Haddam, twelve miles away. The most remarkable case of this kind of travel is the journey of a piece of paper owned by Patrick Cline.

On Saturday morning, R. G. Hazard, 2d, of Peacedale, R. I., while walking in a retired path near his home, picked up a receipt, of which we give a copy:

[Copy.]

WALLINGFORD, Nov. 24, '76.

Received from Mr. P. Cline ten dollars 00-100 in full of Account.

JAMES McCLARNAN.

He saw, as soon as he reached his office, an account of our tornado, published in the *Providence Journal*, of which he is a correspondent, and read the name of John Cline among the injured. He sent the receipt to the *Journal*, which published a copy of it, together with an account of its discovery. Mr. Hazard, writing to the *Journal*, says :

"Immediately after deciphering the paper, my eye fell upon the heading in this morning's *Journal*: 'A Tornado in Wallingford, Conn.,' and on reading over the account I found the name of *John Cline* among the list of injured. The town clerk of this town happening in soon after, was asked whether any such names were familiar to him as belonging to any residents of this town. He replied that he knew of no such names in this vicinity. Wallingford is about sixty-five miles, as the crow flies, from Peacedale, and is due west of this village. Whether this bit of torn and wet paper was carried on the wings of the storm for that distance, and finally deposited where it was found, or whether it came there by other means, it seems probable that the hurricane invaded the premises of Mr. P. Cline and abstracted the document from his file, for what purpose I will leave you to conjecture. If Mr. Cline will claim his paper I will return it to him with pleasure, hoping, however, not to send it 'by the same hand.'"

Judge O. I. Martin, of this town, upon seeing the published article, wrote as follows :

"Having read a copy of a receipt in your paper, signed by James McClarnan, in full of account of Patrick Cline, I will now tell you that I am well acquainted with both James McClarnan and Patrick Cline. They both belong in Wallingford. Patrick Cline's new house was blown to the four winds of heaven, with all his furniture, with three feather beds and all the clothing for four children, and trunks, etc. The timbers of the house even cannot be found, nor anything else. There was fifty dollars in money in one drawer where the receipt was. If the finder of the receipt should find the fifty dollars near there, it would be very acceptable to the family."

Upon receipt of this letter, the *Journal* made an appeal to its readers to send in contributions, so that the lost fifty dollars could be replaced. The appeal was not without effect, and in a few days Judge Martin received a graceful note from the editor, enclosing the receipt, and a check, to keep it company, for fifty-five dollars for the benefit of Patrick Cline. The original receipt will be kept in the Historical Rooms at

Providence, R. I. The moral seems to be: Keep your receipts; but if you don't keep them, send them to Rhode Island.

The following is from the Wallingford *Forum*:

The saddest scene witnessed by the *Forum* reporter, Friday night, was in the little brown building on Colony street, where the Tracy family were taken early in the evening. On the floor near the door lay Mrs. Conrad Tracy, horribly mangled, but still alive. Moaning with pain, on a lounge near by, lay a 16-year-old daughter badly injured, suffering excruciating pains from many hurts, while on the floor near by were three small children, badly hurt, crying and moaning in their agonies, and Father Mallon was trying to administer comfort to the afflicted family. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the lightning was fitfully flashing outside. At one bright flash and roar of thunder Mrs. Tracy faintly asked Father Mallon, "Is the hurricane coming again?" Father Mallon assured her that God had visited his children severely, but that no more need be feared that night. All this while one of the little girls was crying, "Where is papa—when will he come?" The poor father at the time was lying dead just outside of the same house. It was a scene long to be remembered.

A singular incident, noticeable in the track of any whirlwind, is that the feathers are plucked from the chickens, and in several instances the fowl are not killed. This is due to the fact that there is much difference in the specific gravity of fowl and feather, and that in such a sudden gust, the lighter body—the feathers—start on their trip with the whirlwind before the chicken has time to start. This theory has been worked out by scientific men, who have proved it to be correct by loading a fowl in a cannon, with a light charge of powder. When the cannon was exploded the feathers were blown entirely off the fowl.

Professor Brewer has carried home as relics some turtle eggs, which the tornado had thrown out of the sandbank, alongside of the Community pond, where they had been deposited by some turtle for hatching purposes.

On the evening of the cyclone, Rev. J. E. Wildman picked

up a case containing two gold watches belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John Munson. These watches were uninjured, though in the breaking up of the house they had been thrown into the middle of the road, a distance of many feet.

It will be remembered that in the last legislature Mr. Charles D. Yale, now warden of the borough of Wallingford, made a strong effort to secure State aid for the sufferers in the town of Stafford Springs, from the breaking away of the Staffordville dam. He spoke very feelingly on the subject, and warmly commended the measure, little expecting at the time that his own town would be the one that would suffer next from the fury of the elements.

The freaks of the cyclone were, many of them, curious enough, and we have stated nothing except what is capable of abundant and complete proof. It requires some credulity to accept the account of the man who says that as he was riding along he was thrown from his buggy, while his horse, besides suffering other misfortunes, had the iron shoes torn from his feet!

Although every one who lived in the destroyed district has been found either dead or alive, yet one woman thoroughly believes that some bodies will yet be found which have been carried, as she thinks, many miles away.

There were some grimly humorous effects amidst all the sad havoc of the disaster, as for instance, to see still prominent on the ruined school-house the words, "Notice," that any injury to the building, whether from malice or negligence, would be punished by fine or imprisonment; and again, to see "Insured in the Hartford" on a little brass plate over the door of a nearly demolished dwelling.

A goat, tied to a long rope, was raised high in the air, and looked like a great kite. As soon as the cyclone passed by, he came to the ground at once, and without even a look of surprise bent his head to the earth and went on with his regular work of eating grass.

The following is too good to be lost: A good orthodox deacon from a neighboring village visited the scene of the disaster the day after it occurred. Seeing a poor, forlorn,

helpless, bandaged victim sitting on the heap of kindling-wood which but the day before had been his home, the deacon said : " My poor fellow, how do you account for the fact that none but Catholics were killed yesterday ? " Without hesitation, Pat replied : " Sure and it's aisy enough accountin' for that ; the Catholics are ready to die any minute, but your folks ain't good enough to go suddint like."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CYCLONE—DESCRIPTION AS GIVEN BY EYE-WITNESSES
—STATEMENT OF PROF. WILLIAM H. BREWER—THEORY
OF THE STORM.

THE rise of the storm was seen by different persons in various parts of the town. G. N. Miller of the Community, while sitting upon the veranda, saw the huge black cloud moving from the north, and while watching it as it demolished their windmill, had his attention quickly called to the lake, where another mass of cloud of inky blackness, moving from the southwest, met the northern clouds; here they seemed to poise themselves, seething and roaring and forming a waterspout, funnel-shaped, and with the smaller end in the water. This waterspout was not straight, but bent and twisted in various directions, not for a moment remaining in the same form. The body of this mass was densely black, while the top was lurid and even white.

J. H. Frost was in Main street near Mr. Simpson's, on his way home. He was especially alarmed by the forked lightning which seemed to make directly for him as it darted forward.

Samuel Peck and Hermann Vasseur give good descriptions of the storm.

Selectman William E. Hall was at his home on the east farms, and saw the progress of the cyclone. He says nobody can ever describe how it looked.

One of the best accounts of the tornado that has been given is that told by Elbridge Doolittle, a bright, intelligent boy of about fourteen, living on Center street, about midway between the Plains and Main street. He happened to be sitting at a rear window in the second story of the house, and had his head out, watching the chain lightning which

was playing about the Baptist church. His story in his own words will best give an idea of what he saw :

"I saw the lightning flashing, and then heard a queer noise, and turned around and looked over to the lake, in which direction there was a rumbling and rolling noise. There was a crash, and then something shot up into the sky that looked like a cloud of smoke, and was so thick that I couldn't see through it. There was an awful roar, and it came along about five rods, and then there were pieces of board and shingles and pieces of roof, I should think that were about so big [measuring off a place about five feet square]. Those I suppose came from Grasser's shop. The tornado, or whatever you call it, was about as wide as a house is long, and kept whirling round and round, being a good deal bigger at the top than at the bottom. It swept along awfully fast and tapered down at the bottom, like a balloon, with a long tail stringing under it, out of which a stream of water kept running, just like it would out of a tunnel. The tail kept swinging and whipping around like a snake. After it got well started the boards began to get thicker in it, and it struck something else, and things were lifted right up into the air and came scudding along until it reached the Catholic church, and that and the houses on the Plains went over just as tall grass blows down when a stiff wind blows across it. The buildings didn't weave at all, but went right over, some going up into the air, and it seemed to me as if the tail had twisted right around them and lifted them up. When it got opposite our house the thing was terribly black and thick, and was full of timbers, which kept turning end over end instead of spinning around like a top. It was full of limbs of trees, too, and they looked like big kites with the leaves at the top, and the limbs or trunks hanging down like the tail to a kite. Every little while the stuff in the air would drop and another building would be picked up and thrown around. The tail kept dragging along the ground and all moved very rapidly, there being no stop until it reached the school-house. Then I thought it stopped for a second or two, as if the school-house was too big for it, but it went up into the air, and the

tail seemed to wind around the school-house, I could see it so plainly. After it had wound around the school-house, it started again with an awful roar, and instead of blowing over, it lifted the top of the school-house right up into the air. Part of it dropped back again after it had got up a little ways, but the biggest part seemed to start on with the tornado. After it left the school-house, I lost sight of it. I should think it took about three minutes for the whole thing to come from the lake to the school-house."

This ended his story, which is certainly the most graphic description of the affair that has been given.

Those who saw the tornado quite generally agree in regarding this as a good description.

Rev. R. J. Adams says that the scene was grand beyond all description.

The New Haven *Register* of Tuesday, August 13th, says:

"Professor William H. Brewer, of the Sheffield Scientific school, visited the scene of the disaster yesterday for the purpose of making scientific observations of the work of the whirlwind, for that is what it was, though it was an unusually strong and severe one. The term tornado, applied to such atmospheric phenomena being the Spanish word signifying to turn. There is no good theory as to the cause of the terrible commotions and their terrific force, and it is not possible of explanation how there can be such a wonderful concentration of energy as was shown in Wallingford. This whirlwind was a mass of air and water, of funnel shape, with the broad part of the funnel uppermost. The greatest force in this moving mass is just at the point of this funnel-shaped mass, and on the edges of the broader part, the center or vortex being comparatively calm. This funnel-shaped whirlwind passed up the embankment by the pond to the level ground, a distance of thirty-five feet, and then began its work of destruction, its path, as indicated by the fences, trees, etc., being only three hundred feet in width. As it moved along the rising ground its point was broken off, and by the time it had reached the railroad track its path was less than six hundred feet in width. It increased a hundred feet in width when it reached Colony street, and its point then did its most violent work across the Plains, but the width here cannot be ascertained. As it struck the hill the point grew shorter and shorter, and it was shaved off, as it were, nearly up to the funnel proper, for the width at Main street was one thousand three hundred feet. Then the professor thinks it became split in part, and lost its force, in great part, as it swept down a very wide path across Elm street and to the mountain beyond, where it broke.

The general direction of the whirlwind was east-southeast. Points that he noted to prove that it was a whirlwind were that all the trees south of Christian street were drawn inward towards its track, while the twisting of John Simond's house, referred to in the *Register* yesterday, proved plainly that there was a whirling motion. At the foot of the hill, nearly everything thrown down was thrown toward the east. The mud spattered on the houses on Main and Elm streets was for the most part on the east and south sides, though there were spatters on the north and west sides, which proves the rotary motion of the winds. The mud, by the way, Professor Brewer thinks did not all come from the pond, but was in great part licked up along the route and carried over on the hill. The greater mass of the water sucked out of the pond was dropped on the Plains, proofs of this fact being that the roots of trees torn from the ground down there were washed perfectly clean, while the roots of those on the hill were covered with dirt. He is also of the opinion that some of the houses on the Plains were destroyed by the mass of water carried along for a short distance, probably no further than the base of the hill. Professor Brewer goes to Wallingford again to-morrow, and will try and find where the vortex of the whirlwind was, and settle if possible whether there was a comparative calm in the vortex of the whirlwind. He says that the story of the affair as told by the boy Elbridge Doolittle is a perfectly reliable account of just what did happen, and just how the whirlwind acted."

I think that but little water was taken from the lake. It was reported that dead fish from the lake were found on the Plains and hillside; but there is no evidence, so far as I know, that such was the fact: and if water in any quantity had been taken up from the lake, of course fish would have been taken with it. Roots were washed clean by the drenching fall of rain, not by the water from the lake. Roots of trees four miles from the lake were washed in exactly the same way. The trees in Elm street had earth clinging to their roots. This was evidently owing to the fact that the earth was heavier and clayey, and also because the roots were protected by branches, etc.

After a careful consideration of the facts, I think that the storm was by no means local, but that our cyclone or curve storm was simply a phase or peculiarity of a vast storm, moving from the west, rising in Canada and Northern New York, and perhaps even farther west, and meeting a storm from the southwest. Some damage was done in other por-

tions of this State, both east and west, and also in Rhode Island. In Massachusetts, many houses were injured, trees broken, and crops destroyed. No serious damage was done in Boston, but in the northern section of the State the losses were considerable. At Woburn, lightning struck the railroad station, instantly killing Josiah Lathe, station-master.

At Rye Beach, New Hampshire, acres of trees were blown down, and the bath-houses were blown into the sea. These facts show clearly that a general storm existed, of which this cyclone was merely one phenomenon.

It is now a well-understood law that the natural direction of all bodies when acted on by any force is in a straight line, but when the moving body is subjected to some other force which at every instant tends to move it in some other direction, then the body moves in a curve. Thus the earth, if it moved under the action of its own velocity would pass through space in a straight line, but the attraction due to the sun and other heavenly bodies causes the earth's orbit to be a curve. Now since there are many and different currents of air in constant activity in the storm regions of the atmosphere, I think it possible and even necessary that very many of our storms should be rotary in their movements. Perhaps, indeed, all storms are rotary, and at the same time progressive.

In 1831, William C. Redfield of New York, from a large mass of observations demonstrated that there is a *law of storms*, and showed that storms in this hemisphere move from east to west—that is, against the hands of a watch. Hence this must have been the direction of the curvature of our storm. It is believed that these grand and terrible movements often occur in the upper air while the surface of the earth escapes.

One writer says: "Our coast storms are all fringes of high cyclones which rush from the West Indian tropics up the Atlantic shores, and across the ocean to die on the coasts of Europe."

From careful observation I am convinced that merely the edges of the two local storms met over the lake, but that they

came together with their full volume and intensity just west of the railroad track. . One storm came from the north by east and another from southwest. The direction of the progressive movement of the cyclone was east-southeast, indicating that the momentum of the two gales was nearly equal. The velocity appears to have been from sixty to seventy-five miles per hour. The rotary nature of the storm explains why trees lie in different directions, just as when a wagon passes through a muddy road, as the rim of the wheel leaves the earth mud is thrown backward while the opposite rim is throwing the mud forward. Where trees near one another lie in different directions, probably the curves of the storm cut one another.

As one evidence of the curve movement, William E. Hall says that his weather-vane seemed to move in every direction. It seems clear that the longer axis of the curve was at right angles to the progressive motion of the cyclone. Here and there were offshoots from the cyclone, like tangents from a curve. These would take a tree or barn perchance and then disappear, either losing force or ascending. This theory explains why Samuel Simpson lost his chimney and a number of trees, while his neighbors were unharmed; it also explains why a large tree in Academy street fell toward the northeast while no injury was done near it; it also explains why Mrs. Randall Cooke's barn was destroyed, and why Thomas Galligan's house was moved from its foundation and otherwise injured. Samuel Hopson's orchard shows most clearly the curve of the cyclone—namely, exactly opposite to the hands of a watch. Owing to the rotary motion, the fragments carried eastward generally came to the ground outside the main path of the storm. The storm lifted itself as it passed up the hill, hence of course it did not destroy the houses from their foundations, except in a few instances, where it darted down upon them.

I trust that additional conclusions may be given by abler writers. The report of the signal officer sent here by the government will doubtless be valuable.

Brief records exist of other tornadoes in Connecticut: In June, 1682; — 1728 or '29; August 20, 1787; August 7, 1739.

In only one (that of 1787) were any lives lost, and those storms were gentle zephyrs compared with the one of August 9, 1878.

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